









**LORIA**



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# Appalachia

It was early in the afternoon. Victoria Masterson was seated at the piano; she had been there for several hours, absent-mindedly playing her favorite compositions. As she played, she was haunted by the evaluation of her work at Julliard in the spring.

"You have flawless technique, Miss Masterson," they had said. "You have a certain genius for the piano, but your music lacks the intangible something that would make it great. There is something within you that doesn't seem to communicate itself to the instrument."

She dropped her hands limply on the keyboard and stared out the window.

"I can't think about it any-

more. This is my vacation, I should be enjoying myself . . . but I only came here to forget about Julliard. Those mountains in the distance . . . they remind me of something by Delius . . . Judith said it was beautiful when she invited me but I didn't expect anything like this. So peaceful, so apart from everything . . . but that's probably not the aspect that appeals to Judith."

Her fingers idly resumed their playing.

"Empty sounds," she thought. "That's what I'm communicating. It's only half-alive. How can I play, when I'm numb? I keep groping for something as elusive as quicksilver. Just when I'm sure I have it, it's not there anymore . . . I do wish Judith appreciated

music enough to keep her piano in tune. This is disgusting — I'm making excuses again. It sounds just as bad on any piano. Why am I playing? This is only self-torture."

She began to play louder and louder and louder still, drowning the room in sound. Suddenly, the piano screamed in discord and she turned away from the pale keys to stare through the window again.

She thought of the life she had spent in preparation for the concert stage. Her father had been so proud when her first piano teacher had declared her a genius. "I'm so talented," she groaned inwardly, "so talented that my fingers do orderly exercises on a keyboard, instead of interpreting an emotion, as they should."

She re-created in her mind the scene at her first public recital. Her father stood there in the wings, nervously clutching a bouquet of flowers. She had been calm, very calm for a twelve-year old. How they had applauded, those doting relatives and neighbors, when she had finished playing.

"I played so well, then . . . they

all loved me, even Mrs. Harwood was ecstatic . . . but she's tone deaf. She loved my dress, she said. Perhaps they were all applauding my dress, not my playing . . . but I *did* play well. Dad said so, and he never spared my feelings . . . what was it he said afterwards? Oh, I can't remember . . . it was so long ago . . . I remember last spring, though. Julliard! . . . a spectral servant to a hidden muse . . . that's what Professor Traubman called me."

She heard a car pull up into the driveway. When she reached the door, Judith Harwood was coming up the walk. Victoria glanced at her friends coppery tan and the sun-bleached hair caught carelessly at the nape of her neck. Brightly, Judith slammed the door behind her.

"Hi! What have you been doing all day, Vickie? Practicing the scales again?"

"I was playing the piano, if that's what you mean," replied Victoria with some asperity.

"Incredible! I don't know how you stand it. I've been playing tennis all morning, myself. It was terribly exhilarating. I do wish you'd come along sometime. Ex-

posure to the sun might clear away the cobwebs."

Judith threw herself on the couch and unlaced her sneakers. "You know, Vickie," she said, "you're turning into a museum piece. You haven't the vaguest notion about enjoying life. What's the matter with you? Haven't you ever heard of Ye Olde Great Outdoors? You really should have joined the Girl Scouts when I did. You spend days on end playing that piano with no one even listening to you. Why bother?"

Victoria didn't answer. She knew that it would be almost impossible to make the girl understand. Judith and she had been friends ever since the days when they were seven and Judith had shown her how to operate a yo-yo. Even when Victoria's interests became centered around her music, Judith had remained her best friend.

"How placid she is!" reflected Victoria. "How unemotional! I wonder what her unimaginative mind finds so fascinating in the Great Outdoors. I don't understand how two people could be so distant from each other . . .

when she walked in, I suddenly felt horribly alone! . . . how blank her face seems to me!"

She stared distractedly at her friend, and started toward the door. "I'm going for a walk. I'll be back before dinner."

As she left, Victoria remembered what Judith had said about her experience at Julliard. "What's the difference? So a bunch of academic old fogies don't jump for joy when you play. Is that so tragic? You're wasting your energy, banging away on that piano all the time. I'll tell you what. You come up to our place in the country this summer. You'll have a great time! We've got a fabulous crowd up there, and you'll be so busy you'll forget about that piano playing bit. Come on! Promise you'll come."

She had promised. "I really shouldn't have come," Victoria thought, "except that it was some place to *go away* to. She's so blank though. We can't seem to talk to each other. There's no friendship now, just the skeletal remains . . . perhaps we never did have a friendship."

Victoria walked slowly along

the gravel path which led to the lake. She ambled aimlessly beside the amethyst water for half a mile and sat down to rest on the shore.

"This is beautiful," she mused. "Somehow, I never connected Judith's concept of nature with such breath-taking sights . . . it's so picturesque. No, no, it's real. Picturesque doesn't describe it. This is reality, beautiful reality.

Victoria did not quite understand the meaning of her discovery, but she knew that something wonderful was happening to her. She sat for hours, listening breathlessly to the sounds of the forest and the lake. "How strange! I never heard them before . . ." The movement of the clouds seemed to her a symphony of motion; they joined in unique harmony with their reflections in the lake below. A soft breeze stirred the grass beyond her. She began to visualize the scene as a perfect piece of music, assigning different parts to each beauty before her.

She also began to think of her father. She remembered the night they had gone together to

hear Artur Rubinstein. Coming out of the hall, her father had said something to which she had paid little attention. "Music like that," he had said, "is a reflection of the ultimate Beauty shared by all of nature and humanity. You will discover that yourself, some day." Victoria had been distracted by the crowd, shoving on either side of them. When they had reached the street, she had changed the topic of conversation.

"How stupid of me," she thought. "He *knew*, and I didn't let him tell me."

Then she remembered what he had said the night of her music recital. It hadn't meant anything then, but now it struck Victoria with tremendous force. "You played beautifully, dear. There is a secret in music that you haven't unlocked, but you will, in time."

"I haven't unlocked it yet, Dad," she whispered to herself, "but I'm beginning to. I just found a key . . ."

Victoria started toward the house. As she walked, she hummed a fragment from Beethoven.



# TO HAVE

MAUREEN CARNEY, '59

She held a single instant in fleeting time  
Tenderly.

With arms trembling she raised it to the sun  
Worshipping in its goldenness.

This was hers -  
Of all that was or is to be  
For one moment she possessed;  
At last learning -  
To hold high her head  
To give without asking  
To love without hope.

# Whose Heart Strings Are A Lute

MARY FLYNN '59

The poet and author must be seen not only in the light of his own life, but also as a shadow, force and echo of the literary illumining of his age. To begin with Time future, for E.A.P., the shadow of Poe as clearly as any misty Ligeia, burns in the eyes of Baudelaire, Mallarme, Rimbaud and Valery. His force cements a new art form and a new criticism in fine American prose. The echo of a pulsing romantic generation of English rebels cables across the Atlantic echoing and re-echoing in Poe's music and theme. If we can not rightly claim him as a pivotal figure, we can assuredly bow to the fascination, genius and power of this votive, burned too quickly, at the altar of Eternal Reality:

*Beautiful am I, oh, mortals, like a dream of stone!  
And my breast, where each in his turn has been broken,  
Is made to inspire a love in the poet  
Eternal and mute as matter is lasting and still.*

This hymn to "Beauty" was written by Charles Baudelaire, and could well stand as monument to Poe. For that matter, the errant

minstrel set the first stones for a voice more powerful to snatch the elusive quarry. Where Edgar A. Poe sported and pointed in Gothic glories, and at times only faintly piped the music of poetry that led to Beauty, his melody was lifted to symphonic splendor in a correspondence of continents.

The man was not "Childe Harolde", for his Byronic commune with nature was not that of its personification in a backdrop, but rather nature reflected him . . . his intense pathos at the decay of beauty, the death of reality, the autumnal winds of mourning blowing through his reed. A palace of sound he built, to search in its labyrinthian ways for a rebirth, a renaissance of the living. Perhaps this dome was not as stately as the caverns it shadowed. It was a reverberation changed to cross again in different currents to another self, to run the course of the river to an end and source in light.

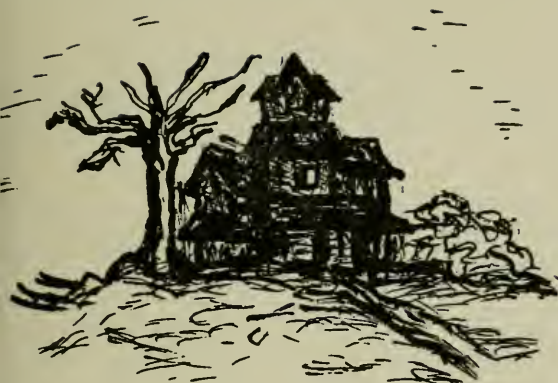
The sunless sea was one of lost love, not of the world, of urgency that would rush the rippling waters, of self tears beclouding a truer vision. And "Beauty" mocked him:

*For I, to fascinate these docile lovers -  
Pure mirrors in which all things shine -  
Have mine eyes, my wide eyes, transparent forever.*

But Poe was a sensitive artist, and must have realized how often he missed and lost his dream, must have felt the eternal smile turned to laugh at him. It is in part this implied anguish only hinting at explanation, that visited and revisited a symbol.

It was a strong dream and one thaht withstood his weaknesses. If it did not live in him, it passed through him - and touching him with greatness moved on. His was a fickle Muse, using him to string a lyre that others would play. She brought to him a romance with Beauty, a fancy; a deeper love she saved for stronger, more cosmic powers.





# THE HOUSE

PATRICIA MORGAN '61

I should never have seen it at all, were it not for the light. Footsore, I had rounded the abrupt curve in the road, only to be faced by the house.

It was an unusual structure, not really a house - rather something which defied descriptions of any sort.

I saw it as a shadow, and when the light within it was doused, the silhouette disappeared.

With a curious mixture of wonder and misgivings, I began to approach it. This road was no stranger to me, and I knew that there was not supposed to be a house here.

Feeling my way, with outstretched hands, I pursued my course. I tripped on a step, regained my balance and reached for the door. It opened noiselessly - revealing a small living room ablaze with lights. They temporarily blinded me with their brightness.

In an effort to clear my eyes, I rubbed them vigorously. At that moment, a voice suddenly replied, "Please come in, sir. I saw you from the window. I'm glad you've called on us."

"Who are you?", I asked.

"My name is David Phelps; my colleagues are Mr. Orange, Mr. Lumpp, Mr. Finch and Mr. Allen."

One of them, Mr. Allen, I think, led me to a chair and asked my name. Then Mr. Phelps carried the conversation while the others listened with a polite but absent air.

Soon I began to feel comfortable. My nearly hysterical mind had started to clear. That the house could not exist, I was sure; that they existed, I was positive.

Suddenly, Mr. Allen arose saying: "Excuse me, won't you, for I am being summoned." He bid Phelps a fond farewell, shook hands with the others, and nodded briefly to me.

With a deliberate calm, he ascended a staircase to my right. At the top, he turned and opened the door before him.

The others had never once lifted thir eyes to watch him go.

Mr. Orange grumbled and muttered incoherently to Phelps. The reply was quite audible, "It couldn't have happened to a better man, Orange - your turn will be soon enough."

The entire proceedings were a complete mystery. I had heard no summons of Mr. Allen, and Mr. Phelps' reply was certainly a puzzle. Evidently, they did not expect to see him again. I hesitated to ask the questions which, now, fairly cried to be asked and answered.

That evening was the most bizarre one that I have ever spent. One by one, these gentlemen made the same polite excuse and departed.

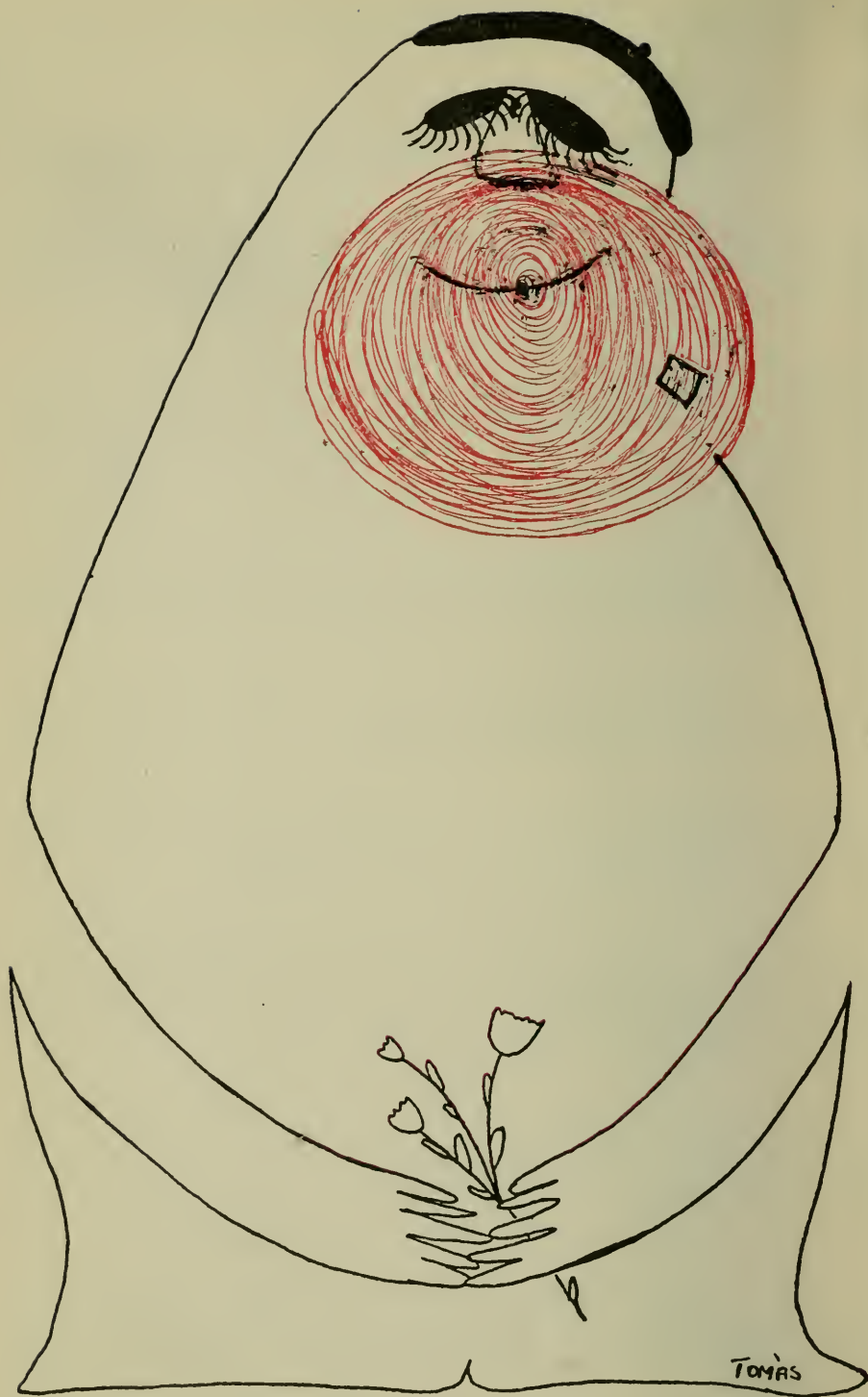
At last, only Phelps and I remained.

Then, he too arose. "Phelps, where are you going?", I asked. "Who are you?" "What is this summons which calls you?"

Instead of a response, Phelps merely smiled. "You are next, your turn is coming. When next we meet, you will have the answer to all your questions."

He turned to mount the stair. I was paralyzed. I wanted to stop him, to bring him back. I couldn't bear to be alone in this strange place. By this time, he had disappeared.

I stood there for several moments. Then, a gong sounded. I knew that this was the call. With leaden feet, I followed its haunting sound. I opened the door with trembling hands and stepped across the threshold.



TOMAS

# A Stick of Gum<sup>1</sup>

P. S. Elyut

My desk<sup>2</sup> stood by the wall  
By Jove!<sup>3</sup> this saddle's sticky.<sup>4</sup>  
Moreover,<sup>5</sup> "put your 'X' right here"<sup>6</sup>  
"Knish, Knish, Knish."<sup>7</sup>

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1. "A Stick of Gum." This particular poem is from Mr. Elyut's latest collection entitled, *Pancakes and Paradise*. Here he stresses one of his most characteristic themes: Materialism vs. the eremetical life. The stick of gum, of course, represents the inherent materialism of the world which Mr. Elyut feels is embodied in the slogan, "I'm not talking while the flavor lasts."

2. Desk here is a very cryptic word. It may be taken in either of these two contexts:

a. A desk is the place where you are most likely to find a stick of gum, left by some gross materialist in a more or less mutilated form.

b. Desk may also be taken in the logical order, representing, of course, "deskness" or the essence of things which only true hermits may find.

3. Jove is here used in the Roman form instead of the Greek, Zeus, since Mr. Elyut believes that the Romans were more materialistic than the Greeks anyway!

4. "This saddle's sticky" taken from the 11th C. Ostrogoth comedy, *Giles of Robert Hall*. Giles has just brought the taxes to the materialistic lord of the manor and in sport, some serfs poured glue on his saddle. Due to this, he is forced to become a materialistic Knight and remain in the saddle the rest of his life.

5. Moreover is here used as a noun.

6. "Put your 'X' " . . . the last words of a notorious Indian agent who tried to persuade the Crow Indians to move to a reservation in Death Valley. (Incidentally, Indian didn't put "x", he put ax.)

7. "Knish, Knish, Knish" Inscription found on stonehenge in southern England. It is thought to have been written by a druid and can freely be interpreted to read, "Please throw all garbage in litter baskets", which of course brings us to the climax of the poem in which Mr. Elyut is trying to tell us, "All hermits are hygienic."

JEAN BAUMGARTEN '61

# COMPRESSION - URBANA

SHEILA MCCARTHY '60

“ . . . and so I just looked at her; I didn't know what to say. I mean, you know, I didn't know how much she knew, and I didn't want to add anything I shouldn't, so I just looked at her. And then, Fran, she sorta squinted, and she says to me . . . ”

“But really, John, do you think I acted prudently? Sometimes I feel as if the other fellows are glaring at me, and it does unnerve me so. I did feel quite strongly about that motion, though, and tried to support it all I could. I suppose the club's unity is more important than my feelings, and they did seem somewhat . . . opposed, wouldn't you say so, John?”



"Well, I don't know, Gerard, some of your ideas are . . . well . . . sometimes you're a little too much, if you get what I mean. Most of the guys . . ."

*The doors opened again, and the new onslaught brought me smack up against a pole. I felt my eyes beginning to cross, so I looked up.* HAVE YOU HAD YOUR SOUP TODAY? . . . IT'S BEER AS BEER SHOULD TASTE . . . IF U CN RD THS, U CN BCM SCY & GT GD JB!

"Yes, I know that, Agnes, but the parochial schools are so very overcrowded that the classes are filled to capacity. I have a good group, though."

"Still and all, 60 children in one room! They told us that the ideal class was one of 22 children. And I'm having a hard time with the 24 I do have. They have all the newest . . ."

". . . those sleek '59 models? I was thinking of trading mine in. It's in pretty good condition, and only three years old. So while I can get a fair . . ."

". . . look forward to nap time. How do you manage?"

"Well, Agnes, these kids have been broken in already, and it's a little easier than if I had them all for the first time. They had the nuns last year, and . . ."

". . . then the phone rang again, and I knew it was Joey calling back to apologize; but I let my mother answer, and when I got on the wire . . ."

*They came in from the other side this time, and I was whipped around the pole. Always keep the arms bent, never straight out; this keeps them in one piece, and makes elbowing much easier. Now above my head . . .* FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YOUR LIFE, FEEL REALLY CLEAN! . . . DOES SHE . . . OR DOESN'T SHE?

". . . la veré anoche a las ocho horas, Rosita, y su hermano . . ."

"Oh Jennie, it was the cutest thing to hear them. They were playing in the cellar when I went down for the wash, and Marcella says, 'Let's play Our Lady of Fatima.'

'No,' says Veronica, 'we don't have enough kids.'

'Why not?' asks Brigid.

'Because we only have three, and you need the Blessed Mother, the three children, and their . . .'

"A boy and a girl! I still can't believe it. We only expected one! Yeah, they phoned the office this afternoon and . . ."

" . . . so then Veronica says, 'I know, let's play St Margaret Mary Alacoque. I'll be the Sacred Heart, and Marcella can be St. Margaret Mary. Now Brigid . . . ' "

" . . . coming from the hospital now. You should see them. Twins! They're no bigger than this. I can't get over it!"

" . . . 'Oh, I know,' she says, 'Brigid can be the little old lady who was in the chapel and saw St. Margaret Mary looking funny.' Isn't that . . . "

" . . . the incubator a few days. But you should see them. Two of them! And they're both mine! I just can't believe it."

*It's getting a little better now. I can move my feet without standing on anyone. WHAT A WONDERFUL WAY TO SAVE STEPS. I should look around to see if anyone gets off; maybe I can get a seat.*

"Si, Ramon, tengo que ir contigo, porque . . . "

" . . . (giggle) and he makes me laugh so much, that I can't concentrate on the driving. I guess I'll have to take another six lessons before I take my test. That reminds me, when you went for yours, did . . . "

"Oh yes, I know. It's really a shame to be laid up all that time, and especially in such lovely weather. Why, when I was home with the . . . "

"He's a riot, though. (giggle) He says everytime she cooks macaroni she gets it all over the wall. I don't know what she does with it, but then, neither does he! (giggle) The other day . . . "

"That's right, that's exactly how I felt after the flu - all weak and everything inside the minute I got up. And I said to my husband, I said, 'Tom, I just don't . . . ' "

*Well, it won't be long now. At least it's not as hot in here as it was. FILTERS THE SMOKE, AND MAKES IT MILD. These fans are terrible. SOMEONE IMPORTANT IS GOING TO GET OFF AT YOUR STOP. Yeah, me, Ooh, Lincoln Avenue. My daily emancipation!*

" . . . oh éso, no es una señora (giggle) era mi esposa! Original no es verdad? . . . "



# Va Pensiero

To Giuseppe Verdi

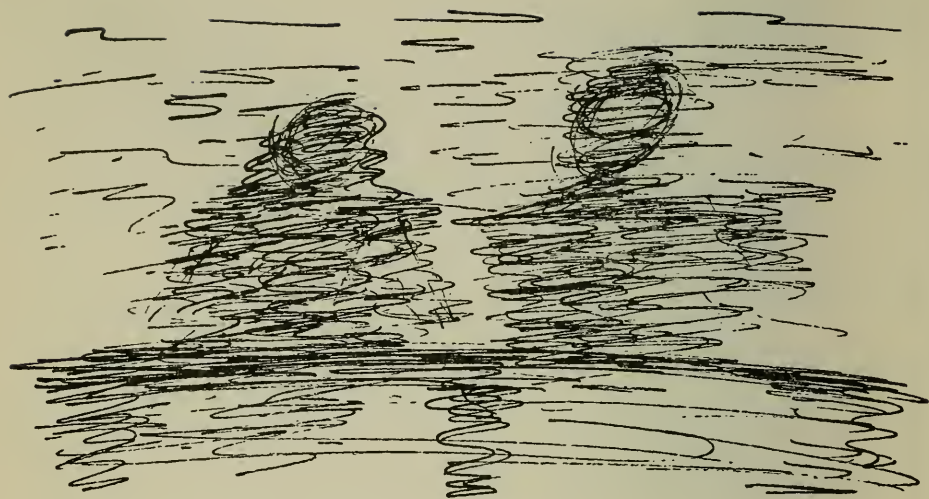
He heard life's vestal voices break  
Over the winter ground.  
He saw each leaf a noted scroll  
Of fluted woodland sound.  
And waited where the springtime  
bud  
In dewy casement glistened.  
To hear its birthcry quick and low-  
He listened long-he listened.

Go thought on wings of gold  
High where the sea-founts christen.  
Go-press to nature's heart  
And listen —

He knew the silences of grief  
The tempest of disdain.  
He heard life sigh and disappear  
Like blue-grey drops of rain.  
And heard love's *sacrè* chanted low,  
Its silver vestments fingered.  
When deathless rapture bid him  
stay -  
He lingered long - he lingered.

Go thought on wings of gold  
Gather with subtle fingers  
The berry where love's latest kiss  
Still lingers.

JEAN BAUMGARTEN '61



# The Bridge of Ages

ROSALIE LANDO '61

*"Better by far you should forget and smile  
Than you should remember and be sad."*

—Rossetti

They stood at the end of the bridge looking into the dark, clear water that was moved by the current. It was a cold day and they were trying to waste away time until her afternoon train pulled out, the train that would carry her home, home to uncle Jim and to where it had all begun. Looking into the water her mind reached back, grabbing the past.

Since Anne could remember she had been living with her bachelor uncle. She had grown to love him and all the surroundings of the campus at the small college where he was an English professor. Many times she had imagined that she had invaded his privacy when she had come to live with him, but in so many ways he had shown her how much a part of his contentment she was; how great a love he shared for his orphaned niece. Then there was Uncle Chris, or Father Chris, her mother's brother. Together they had worked to bring her up properly and to give her enough love and understanding to blot out her orphaned past.

Around graduation from grammar school Mike Bennett had joined the faculty at her uncle's college. She could remember him and she recalled he looked the same as he did standing next to her now. In stature he was just six feet tall and of strong build, a build that would remind you of an ex-athlete. His short cropped hair, now showing signs of gray,

had been tinged with blond. His eyes were a gentle, calm blue—deep set eyes that gave the appearance of looking through what they beheld. They were honest eyes, soul searching and looking always to give peace. Yes, they were the only really striking part of his sharp facial features. She thought of these eyes for a moment, knowing what she had found in them.

Boarding school had been fun, but she had been glad when it had drawn to a close. She was glad because with her last year she had enjoyed a most joyous summer and many wonderful holidays at home with uncle Jim, Uncle Chris and Mike. It was the year in which she had learned to possess love.

Just last year - it stood out so vividly in her mind - Uncle Chris was assigned to a new parish; Uncle Jim was teaching summer school. Mike was free for the summer and so they spent it together. The togetherness had included everything from swimming, to concerts, to long walks and long talks; - talks that made their way into the inner thoughts of two people who had fallen very much in love, yet two people whose ages were much apart. These talks always brought up the difference, the span of seventeen years which created a block. How stubborn the mathematics professor had always been, pointing out so logically reasons and happenings that

were hinged upon, and would be hampered by, the age difference.

It was all so clear, so horribly clear! The emptiness and loneliness of this her first year at college. This year in which she tried to destroy the thoughts of Mike. Still the restlessness returned and she thought of Mike. The same Michael watching her now as he had watched her grow from a girl into a woman; the woman with whom he had fallen deeply in love. This same woman he could not see spend her youth with a person who had had his chance to find settlement. Now, as he had expressed it in the past, he felt that they should have been young together in order to find happiness; that the years gave more to the individual than the

love could give under the circumstances. He believed all this, no matter how hard the love of Anne was striving to close the chasm of difference, - the love she wanted to share.

Now she stood looking into his eyes, the eyes that told her of his decision before his lips could speak it. He stood there trying to make it easier for her to accept. He could not stay with her; he was leaving to start anew in a large university in the midwest.

She was crying and he could not comfort her. He was leaving, leaving her to love another, another whom he felt could give her a complete life. Yes, she would love again, but she would never fall in love again.



# *The Light Touch*

MARIE-LOUISE DENYS '61

The light touch — oh yes, as the easiest and most graceful way out of the impasse of contemporary thought I wholeheartedly advise the light touch. Every age has had its own temper, its own predominating mood - heroic, moralizing, gay, embittered, self-satisfied, iconoclastic . . . Ours has not only created so many crucial situations worthy of as

many different reactions, but has also burdened us with a band of social scientists, historians, and literary analysts dedicated to uncovering for our every reaction a thousand and one mirrors of expression borrowed from other ages. All of which does not simplify matters in the least. Which mode of expression to choose for yourself, which school of thought



of sentiment to call your own, which label to accept? It is a touchy problem for no matter which one you choose you will soon be dashed by the coming of some untimely person who, with diabolical clarity, will show the valuelessness of your position. Adopt a school of thought and at once becomes something quite passé; follow a great leader of thought and soon some unwelcome analyst of the human mind explains the deviation or particular complex that caused that mind to blossom as it did. Of course, you may try to strike out on your own and discover something radically new: be brazen, write on the sublimity of life in suburbia — but beware lest your message, being ahead of its time, be not fully appreciated.

Yes, pigeon-holing your personality is a delicate matter indeed. Besides which, we might as well be realistic; your principles of life coupled with the exigencies under which our editors toil rather limit the field. Unethical to write of torments not endured, petty to exaggerate mere fidgetings. The *burden* of joy . . .

Without a sense of rebellion -

of fierce rebellion against the very elementals - and without despair, you find yourself bereft of two most precious moods of expression. There are others of course, but they are all very much out of style just now - the ponderous, the impersonal, the sententious . . . (Only the mystical is drifting back into vogue somewhat; not that he gains much empathy for his arduous ascent or distant yearnings, but he must be given his due because he is unconventional. Simplacists would thereby liken him to the members of another bearded group.) To avoid all these complications, as I began to say, the best thing is the light-touch style. Its chief merit and asset is in being undefinable. As such, it is ideal for the unsure, the cowardly and those unhappy people who, possessed of joy and hope, yet strive to be listened to seriously by brothers of their day. The technique of this style is impressionistic; dabs of color, touches of light, the ethereal with a touch of the fauvistic . . . You suggest much, say little. When the burden of explaining becomes too great or inartistic, you drop it onto the shoulders of

your reader. You paint your own view and show by some sly turn that you are aware of the other colors on the pallet. You approach that which you cherish most with a laugh of complete detachment and seriously extol the inverted virtues of that which you abhor. You cover sincere thoughts with an elegant vesture of pointed cleverness, devastating humor, evasive charm, studied cosmopolitanism, charming cynicism . . . You raise two opposing worlds face to face, and after creating a brilliant, equal war between them then, by sheer optimism of vocabulary you give your reader to feel that all the contradictions are resolved. This art of the light touch, as you see, is very elastic and its main merit is in being artistic (the only way to gain the attention of those people from whom you are seeking it.)

When writing in this vein, do not, of all things, overlook the importance of that courted darling of every writer and speaker nowadays, humor. Have you noticed the favor accorded to it lately? At a C.T.A. conference I attended last month, one speaker devoted his whole talk to a discussion of the importance of introducing into education courses the concept of humor as a teaching device. And as a matter of fact I have noticed that even the most dignified persons do not disdain to use this facile method of attracting favorable attention. Now it seems to me that the popularity of the laugh lies in three things: 1) it easily endears a speaker to his audience; 2) it enables one to ignore an issue with greater facility; 3) being produced (in the language of that gallant defender of poetry) by a disproportion between two

things, it arrests our attention and tickles our rational minds. In the graphic disproportion lies the power of the laugh to remember the point. (For example - it is the impossible image of an essay on its hind legs impressed so indelibly on our imaginations that makes us remember so clearly what a speech is not.)

The matter of disproportion brings us to one final point: the power of such devices as the paradox, the enigma, and the symbol. By these three ways you may transfer to the reader the responsibility of understanding what you cannot understand, of

reconciling what you wish you were able to reconcile. By these methods also, you enable the benevolent critic to read into your MS as many levels of abstractions as he or she pleases and leave for yourself an honorable path of escape (my dear, you simply do not understand!)

Thus to summarize: be light, be enigmatic, be charming. Use the naive only as a device. Give of the effervescence of your youth, of the flippancy of your masked earnestness. Above all be provoking. Mock, question, scintillate, and keep them guessing — *l'ingénue libertine ou la libertine ingénue?* . . .





*Life*



I

Who are you?

I am a child.

Who are your parents?

Father and mother.

What do you want from me?

A bowl of rice.

Is that all you want from me?

And a roof over my head.

Is that all?

And a cloak to keep me warm.

That's all?

For the time being.

IRENE CHEN '59

## II

Greetings!

Greetings!

Why are you in such a hurry?

I am rushing to the market  
place.

For what intention may I ask?

To see, to learn and to do.

## III

What did you see in the market  
place?

A lot, a lot.

What did you learn in the market  
place?

A lot, a lot.

What did you do in the market  
place?

A lot, a lot.

And what is your plan for the  
future?

I am going to rest for a while.

*“And he shall grow up as a tender plant before him, and as a root out of thirsty ground.”*

Isaias LIII, 2.

# ***Emmanu-El***

PATRICIA HENRY '59

Rena and Morris Levy had been married for seventeen years before they had a child. They had spent no end of funds seeking the help of doctors, analysts and even Rabbi Kogen, but no one could find any evident fault or failing in the make-up—physical or otherwise — in either one of them.

And then, as suddenly as morning, the barren Rena became as a fruitful vine. She reveled in her pregnancy, and everyone from one end of Pitkin Avenue to the other, knew about it. The delicatessen near Cleveland Street sold more pickles and gefilte fish during Ren's waiting than he ever had before, and the blush on the face of Morris as he shopped for knishes in wee hours became the favorite topic of conversation in the men's section of the synagogue. All the women sighed in relief and all the men chuckled, and Rena, with her smiling Morris in the background, was Genesis in all its glory.

Finally, a son was born, and the Levy's cup of joy was filled to brimming. Rabbi Kogen offered prayers of thanksgiving in the synagogue. And Rena began a new life with her son.

She called him Isaac, feeling a kinship with the Sarah who was the mother of her people, and



she began to hope and dream. Had not Sarah, too, been barren? And had not her Isaac's destiny been great? And Rena prayed, and hoped, and dreamed.

Isaac was a fragile child. His skin was a marble, lined with the blue of his living; his hair, like burnished copper, his eyes wide and grey and filled with wonder. Rena tended him as tenderly and fiercely as the lion does her young, and so he managed to survive the countless colds and fevers that assailed his small body almost from the day that he was born. He was her first-born, and he was a singular, special child. She knew this in her heart of hearts, and telling no one, not even her gently Morris, Rena began to plan for the day that she knew must come.

So Isaac grew. At Rena's insistence, Morris enrolled him in the parochial school. He learned to chant and to pray well, and enjoyed the tales from the Talmud. Each morning he went off, great eyes shining in his thin face, cheeks roseate with Rena's scrubbing, prayer curls softly bobbing from his temples, and his mother's pulse quickened as she watched him grow.

Each Passover, when Isaac asked the questions of his father, and solemnly sipped the wine with him, Rena became more

and more sure. There was something in Isaac that was in no other. Each year, she actually expected Elias to come and sit with them at their Seder, and each year, when it was over, she shrugged her shoulders patiently, confident that he would appear the next.

As the time of his Bar-Mitzvah approached, Isaac studied diligently for the great day. Rena's enthusiasm for his religious life had become a part of him, and with her, he longed for the time when the soft shawl of manhood would be placed about him.

One day, he did not come home as usual from the Yeshiva. Rena was anxious, but decided there had been some sort of extra practice for the coming ceremonies in the synagogue. When the policeman and Rabbi Kogen came she could only sit and moan. Isaac had not seen the truck, and the driver had not seen him. He was gone and he would not be back. He was dead.

And there was no sorrow like to Rena's sorrow. Into her old age, even after Morris too had left her, she sat and held on her breast the soft shawl that had never graced the shoulders of her son. Her dream was over. Elias would never sit at Rena's table, and Israel had still to wait.

Note: The illustration for this story is a symbol of Death in Jewish funeral art.

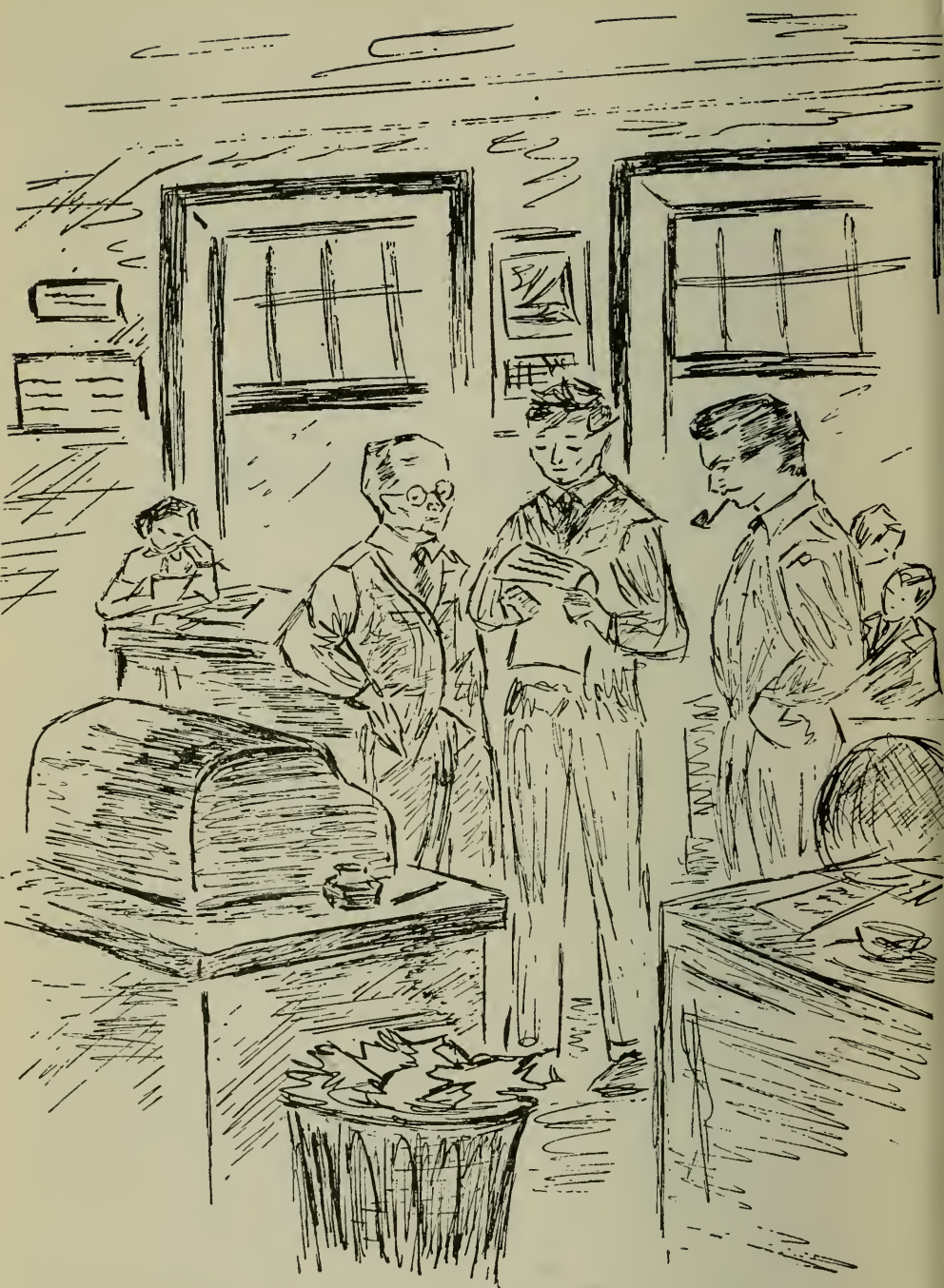
# **ALL THE NEWS**

PATRICIA DAWSON '61

On a wet Friday morning, we walked into the Tour Waiting Room of the "New York Times." Our guide introduced himself as Walter Muncie, and informed us that the two other occupants of the room were the only other members of our party. We were delighted.

Setting off in high spirits, we first encountered the Editorial Board Room. Our guide apprised us of the twice-weekly meetings held there under the benign auspices of Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher. Thinking this an appropriate time for a controversial topic, we inquired whether Mr. Sulzberger felt it his duty to determine the policy of the paper with regard to news stories as well as editorials. Our guide was shocked. He made it quite clear that Mr. Sulzberger merely criticized the finished product of the news staff after it was in print. He did mention, however, that during the 1956 elections, when the editorial board favored Stevenson, the policy of the "Times" agreed with the pro-Eisenhower policies of the publisher. Mr. Muncie commented on the manner of editorial writing, inform-







ing the group that there was always a surplus of editorials which was distributed among future editions.

Our visit to the news room was terribly impressive. Mr. Muncie pointed out the various desks which handled city, suburban and foreign news, and indicated the area responsible for deciding which stories are to appear on Page 1 and how they are to be treated. Passing a newspaperman who was gnawing on a salami sandwich, we entered a room filled with teletype machines. The "Times" subscribes to seventeen different wire services and most of them were joining in a terrible din. "We subscribe to these as a method of checking our stories for accuracy," Mr. Muncie shouted. We glanced at the NBC teletype which was announcing a new quiz show for the fall. With our ears throbbing painfully, we made our way into the next room.

This next section was a large room filled with partitioned offices containing the sports, drama and science departments. The room was rather isolated with the exception of some men in the sports section who were reading the racing form. Mr. Muncie said that it was a madhouse of endeavor during the night. We murmured that we were sure it must be. Another man was eating a sandwich in the sports section, and we felt it necessary to inquire about the wages offered by the "Times." Mr. Muncie told us that the "Times" paid considerably more than the minimum wage. These men, he explained could afford to eat out, but preferred their own cooking.

When we reached the composing room, we were first shown the tubes through which the news comes from the news room. This news, explained Mr. Muncie, is given to the copy cutter who divides it into takes, which are distributed to typesetting machines. One of the gentlemen at the machines was kind enough to type out a slug of our name. He was even good enough to make a mistake in spelling and hold the type back to make the correction. We were shown the wedges which guarantee even lines of letters. The gentleman at the typesetter called them spacebands. We thanked him and headed for a make-up table. On this table was a "chase", or metal frame, containing a page for the following Sunday's drama section. Our guide helpfully gave a detailed account of photoengraving. Unfortunately, we missed most of it, since we were occupied with attempting to calculate the weight of the page of type.

Mr. Muncie showed us some mats, papier-maché reproductions of the page. These, he said, were dropped down a chute to the stereo-

type department in the press room. Seeing that we were eager to learn the fate of the mats, our guide took us to the basement.

The press room was quite huge. We observed at once that the floor was slippery; we almost landed on it. Mr. Muncie said to watch out for the greasy floor. We thanked him. He showed us the other end of the chute for mats. We asked him where they were baked. He indicated a large machine which resembled an automatic ironer, and told us that the mat was considerably hardened by the baking process. We agreed that it must be. We were shown the plate casting machine, which produces the curved stereotypes for the presses. These presses, declared our guide, each take a maximum of sixteen stereotypes, and print both sides of the newspaper in the process. Mr. Muncie showed us a roll of paper. It was extremely large. "That roll weighs three-fourth of a ton, Miss." We were impressed. He pointed to an enormous tank above us. "That's our inkwell," he remarked. We were introduced to two workmen who offered us a printer's hat. Mr. Muncie explained that the hat kept ink out of the printer's hair — if he had any. We asked how the paper was placed in the presses. The guide told us that the men put it in by hand. "If one piece of paper has a flaw in it," he declared, "the whole sheet breaks and gets caught in the machinery." We desired to know how long it took to get the paper out of the machinery. "About half an hour," said Mr. M., cheerfully. We were examining the threads of steel which carry the paper to the mailing room when our guide told us that we had seen everything, and started us back to the Tour Waiting Room.

We thanked Mr. Muncie profusely. As we left the building, we peered into the dark caverns of the circulation department. In a moment of madness, we fancied we could see a legion of trucks crawling across the pavement, and bearing within them "all the news that's fit to print."







# CHRISTINE

BEATRIX DUFFY '59

It really wasn't their fault: one was unequipped to comprehend the emotional chaos involved; the other would understand only that. I suppose a father fighting his way up in a job and company he hates in order to support his family cannot be expected to know, much less share, the turmoil an adolescent daughter experiences. He saw the external situation in an intellectual vacuum. She understood, though. She understood with that mother's love that intuits her child is suffering. If she saw the situation at all, she ignored it. What concerned her was my being hurt, - Dad perceived - Mom suffered. Neither knew what to do. I wonder, now that it is all over, if I should have known, or even will know what to do should something like this happen to one of my children.

When my family moved to Grande Prairie, Michael and I transferred to Jefferson High. Tommy was more fortunate.

Grande Prairie had a Catholic grammar school. I met Christine for the first time, I suppose, - I don't actually remember this - when I tried out for the basketball team. She remembered though. She told me so later. What attracted her was my blessing myself frequently and my holding a Miraculous Medal constantly. This took place on the court, you understand.

Ordinarily, at something as workaday as a basketball practice - at least this had been so at St. Bridgit's - one did not bother to call on heaven for aid in playing good ball. But what for the varsity members was just another practice was for Diane, Kathy, myself and a few others what would determine whether or not we would play varsity basketball. Beyond the physical energy necessary to evince such reliance on the powers above, I was oblivious to the whole thing. Perhaps if Diane had not been playing with me I would never have done it. But Diane was a Catholic too and she was playing then. Anyway, we both made the varsity - third string.

Christine's original interest in the aforementioned phenomena and its cause increased each time the varsity played a game. Diane and I sat on the bench fervently blessing ourselves with each foul shot. I was better at it than Diane. I never missed blessing myself. The other things, though, focused Christine's attention on me rather than on Diane. Diane acted normally. She got angry.

She fooled around during practice. (I don't mean when the ball was on the other half of the court. That was all right. In fact, it was good. Everyone would know you were a good kid. Of course, when you did fool around then, you still should have known where the ball was and have been ready to run up and get it in case a guard on your team intercepted or rebounded or the like. It was part of doing everything right.) Diane would even swear once in a while.

I never did that or anything like that, that is, I never did any of those things when anyone was around. Through the years I had come to realize the overwhelming importance of good example. Moreover, shortly after that varsity tryout, I began to impress myself with the fact that I represented Catholicism where the actions of one Catholic would be attributed to the Universal Church. This was my attitude. The extent to which I had honestly deluded myself - who will judge?

I came to know Christine, I though, as one gets to know any team-mate. She wanted the same coke all the kids wanted after practice. After the game when the school fed all members of both teams whether you had played or not, Christine sat next to me by chance.

There was no "chance" about it. Christine planned everything: the informal Saturday games in the park, the movies that night after mid-terms, everything. She

wanted to know me.

I had better tell you about Christine, that is, about what really matters. Christine was a Catholic - nominally. For some reason, though, she had never missed High Mass on Sunday. Perhaps it was really because she loved the music. Christine is Italian. Christine is honest. Her honesty, I know, impressed me most. You see, I was a coward. Much of my "good example" stemmed from trying to keep up external appearances.

I have never met anyone since who was as honest in the way Christine was. When we discussed prejudice, for example, particularly against Negroes, Christine told me she could fall in love with one, she would marry him. As a matter of fact, she had dated them. One of her friends, a white girl, had married a Negro. When I, a professed member of the *avant garde*, who advocated complete equality among races, asked if she shouldn't consider children of such a union, she brought home my hypocrisy. She said she had. What child could ask more than to be the embodiment of love strong enough to rise above society's most scathing attack?

Christine is bright. I should have mentioned that she was a senior, though only sixteen. I was fifteen, had a somewhat better than average intelligence, but couldn't compare with her. She taught me so many things and all she taught somehow hinged upon her honesty. She, herself,

would not lie for anything or anyone, not even for me when I began getting into trouble with my parents for always being with her.

As I said before, Christine is Italian. It's funny, but my family really is not prejudiced. I know this now because I have seen each one of them, Dad, Mom, Michael and Tommy talk with, admire, choose as friends, play with, Italians, Negroes, Puerto Ricans.

But when it mattered, I didn't know this. Anyway, as soon as they began to think I spent too much time with her, Christine became a "guinea" and a "greaseball." Not Mom, though, never Mom. She felt and knew how much I was being hurt.

The better I got to know Christine, the more I loved her. Knowing her, being with her, made me realistically better. She was the greatest personification of human goodness I knew or had known. Few discerned it though, for on the surface Christine was anything but a shining, polished article of faith. How could anyone with her background be that though? Christine's father, an immigrant whose intelligence was wasted while he labored physically to provide for his wife and six daughters, who professed communism intelligently, contrasted constantly with her mother who could understand only that Catholicism *did* demand this or that, and who seemed incapable of carrying even that one step beyond the church door. Christine had

neither formal nor informal religious education. At sixteen, she was a skeptic. She knew, liked, and respected a half dozen lesbians. She despised piosity.

In any case, Christine was impressed by me. We became friends. I have never been as truthful with any person as I have been with her. I have never lied to her in any way. And she was always kind. I have said that she would never lie, never hesitate to say exactly what she thought. But much as she castigated "damned deceit", I have never known her to condemn those who practiced such.

But neither was Christine a Joseph condemned by his brothers. She had been intimate with evil of whose existence I was totally ignorant. She told me this. And it was for this, I realize, that my family berated her to me. But overtly they decried her nationality, her social gaucherie, when she had taught me their insignificance.

I have never learned more of hell than I learned during those four months. Mine is a very close family. I love them all dearly, and I loved Christine too. In the last analysis, I think it was Mother's unhappiness which ended our friendship. I called Christine and told her. How else could I do it? I could not pretend with her. How else could I do it? I could not pretend with her. It was easier for me, I had my family. She had no one.

I told Christine then, that our friendship was over. I know now that we shall always be friends.







# loria

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# Ages of Innocence

IRENE CHEN '59

illustrated by ellen mc lean '60

The muddy rivulet meandered here and there, as an eternal traveler, day time, night time, never rested a moment, always on his way. Yonder, at the sunrise side of the rivulet, there lay a range of hills. The few families who took refuge here during the civil war, had converted parts of it to plateau plantations.

That year Spring came early. The air was moist and warm. Old man and the children as usual seated themselves under the Old Ghost Tree. In case you don't remember who the old man was, he was the sacristan of the small missionary church. Only when the blue-eyed Father O'Hara paid his monthly visit to this forgotten village, old man found himself a little out of balance, otherwise his life floated from one holiday to another. The two children with him were his playmates. The little girl's name was Lalan and the little boy's Linko. Lalan put her finger in and out of old man's button hole.

"Yeh Yeh, Yeh Yeh,<sup>1</sup> tell us a story," begged Lalan.

"Today, Yeh Yeh tells no story."

"Please, please, Yeh Yeh," Linko joined the petition.

"I have no more stories to tell."

"Yes, you have. What about the Little Daughter-in-law who went home to visit her own mother?"

1. Grandpa. One calls all elderly men Yeh Yeh.

"Oh no! It has no flavor; besides, I have already repeated that story three times."

"We like to hear it again," Lalan kept pulling old man's beard.

"Alright, alright, I will tell," old man yielded. "Once upon a time, there was a little daughter-in-law. She combed her hair in the shape of a butterfly, and she wore apple green trousers . . ."

"And a little jacket," added Lalan.

"See, you know the story."

"No, no, I don't know the story; please go on, please."

Old man continued, "She wore a pair of embroidered satin shoes. With a basket of five hundred bpows,<sup>2</sup> she went home to see her mother. And . . ."

"Yeh Yeh, how about the little donkey?" Linko loved the little donkey.

"Ah! yes, yes. She rode on a little donkey and then . . ."

"Didn't the little donkey also have three Ding Dong Bells?" Lalan interpolated again.

"See, you can remember it better than I. I won't go on."

"Yes, please go on, or tell us a new one."

"Alright, I'll tell you about the wedding of Little Maid Fanfan."

"Why don't you tell something about little man," said Linko.

Old man recollected a moment, "Ah, I know a story about a little man," he raised his thumb. "Once upon a time, there was a little man who was both handsome and tall. He talked well and worked well, and he knew how to swing the lanterns and to do the dragon dance. During the new year celebration, he would dance for the whole village. No mother didn't envy such a son, no maiden didn't dream of such a husband. He was a real little hero. His mother though poor, made him blue lantern trousers, bleached white shirts . . ."

"Shoes?"

"Shoes? Oh yes. Of course. Any way he dressed very nicely of a rich landlord fell in love with him. She gave him a big bag of candy."



the blue fish shaped shoes. Even the daughter with him. She gave him a

"What kind?"

"The most sweet and delicious . . . the kind Da We sells."

The children squeezed their tongues and swallowed the sweet saliva. "The daughter of the rich landlord loved him, but he didn't like her, so he threw the candies on the ground."

"Oh no!" Lalan and Linko both sighed unanimously.

"Yes, he did, because he loved somebody else. He loved the maid who could embroider flower shoes, pillow cases and blankets. He

<sup>2</sup> Buns stuffed with meat.



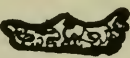
wanted to marry her, but because he was poor, the maid's mother would not accept his proposal. Not only did she refuse him, she also insulted him. She said, 'Pey! Little frog, don't you covet the meat of a swan.' Little man was very sad, he cried day and night." Lanko and Lalan's eyes too were full of tears.

"He could neither eat nor sleep, so he prayed to God. God who is all merciful answered his prayers. He showed little man a place where he must go . . ."

"What place?"

"Oh, a place at the edge of heaven."

"Did he come back?" Lalan was worried.

"Later, after several years,  he came back and brought home many silk materials — red, green, yellow — all kinds of colors and three little donkeys. One he rode, one he held by the hand and the other carried his loads. When the maid in the village learned of the news, she changed herself to a butterfly and flew to his presence. 'I want to be your wife now.' But little man answered, 'No, your mother called me a little frog.' The little maid cried and cried till her eyes turned red; still she could not move his heart. Then her mother came and apologized to little man, and little man consented to marry the maid.



On the second day, the wedding was to take place. For dowry the maid had a big mirror, a big porcelain basin, an eight day saints table, a carved bureau, two silver candle sticks, two golden chopsticks, six barrels of wine, a wagon of pigs and lambs, and thousands of wedding cakes. The bride and the groom in the flower sedan chair were very happy."

The old man stopped.

"What happened later?"

"That's not all?"

"Later? well, they had a baby, fair and beautiful. Papa gave him candy everyday, and mama made trousers for her. She had two braids, ha! ha!"

Old man coughed. That's how he ended his other stories. Linko was happy because little man brought home three donkeys, and Lalan was even more satisfied, because the little baby had trousers and braids just like hers.

# FOR A SEASON

MARY FLYNN, 59

I would say that the mind is its own province. Mine is to me and to God and education has been a challenge. But I would jest and joust lest the seige be not a safe drawing out and I might leave my castle behind for betrayal. These colored counties are all that I possess, and I would broaden that province to vaster plains encompassing heights and vales, but would not cross the drawbridge lured up green hills to shadows.

Perchance you would hear of my kingdom. It seems not a land at all in the beginning: a warmth, a sweetness, color and motion - and these remain. A castle of sound, a king and queen and peers



are there to minister and delight. And further in my domain are magical circles to frolic upon, and the music of air, of brooks and at night the fire beyond the shadows - a domed processional passing stately 'twixt my castle and the light. There is silence of furry creatures, a unicorn which is so very rare in other climate, knights and ladies, dragons and peregrines to disquiet the darkness. Time is swift and they are changelings as I, my kin.

Visitors come, and I greet them for they are not intruders. In return for welcome these spin out tales and bring fantastical adventures into my country and measure new lots, flatlands and forests and they cut short their unwinding. These things are given and received in generous spirit. And if I have heard that tale before or would not hear it, I climb my turret to remember or gaze upon a story I would. Then in that tower weather comes - sun and waters advent life and dawn springs clear in misty mornings

There are fields of sport, tumbling games - our pride and quests to ride on. Two kinds of questing are done and both are based on the Law of Myth in Concentrics. This is the guiding principle, and one may go from end to center, in to out or round about; - but one must stop at the borders even though the line be thin. Within the Law, lies all other kingdoms.

On the farthest line, the draw-bridge looms, and may be seen from every direction inside the kingdom, though it is set obscure outside. Soft sirens sound beyond the gates and whisper lightly "think as we think, let us *be* your kingdom."

It is this challenge they would throw 'gainst the Law of Myth in Concentrics to break the music of the spheres, shattering. Knowing that no hope bides in that entrance, they promise sterile winters in their lands.

But you have heard now of my province. I would tell you I am happy with my quests, content with delicious weathers all year and years.

Be still, be still, my soul; it is but for a season:

Let us endure an hour and see injustice done.

It is always midsummer.



# **FASHIONS DE BEAU MONDE**

ROSALIE J. TUTINO, '59

"Sweetheart, it's stunning! It's you. Don't buy, just feel the goods."

There stands Sadie, proprietress of the "Chic Dress Shop", with hands on hips, blue eyes blazing, and gum snapping between her teeth. She gazes longingly at a red faille dress draped dramatically over the back of a plush chair, as Mrs. Carson, a prospective customer squirms and looks at the price tag.

"Darling, I wouldn't try to kid. That dress was made for you. My whole store should burn down if I'm lying. Please, sweetheart, do yourself a favor, try it on. Does it cost anything to try it on? Go, doll!

Florence, Sadie's reliable chief salesgirl, snatches the dress from the chair and guides Mrs. Carson through the heavy drapes into the rear of the store while Sadie places her salesgirls into strategic positions. A few seconds pass, and a loud "ouch" from behind the curtain etches a frown on Sadie's face.

"Easy with the zippers, Florence!"

A bustle, a rumble, a swish, and the drapes part to reveal a frowning Mrs. Carson, a red dress, and a smiling Florence, who it attempts to smooth out the rumples of material which refuse to find their proper places. Now the salesgirl chorus begins.

"Such a fit."

"Stunning!"

"What a figure. You should be a model."

Amid this wild maze of compliments steps Sadie. A wide grin stretches across her lean face, her head nods approvingly, her hands extend gracefully.

"What did I tell you? Stunning! Darling, you look like a doll. I wouldn't sell this dress to anybody else. It's you. My whole store should burn down if I'm lying. Don't believe me. Wait! Let's get the male point of view. Oh, Mr. Charles, darling, would you please step in this direction. Forget you work for me - what do you think of the gorgeous dress and the doll that's in it?"

Mr. Charles, a rather hollow faced young man, comes from the wrapping department with hands clasped in admiration.

"Sadie, Mrs. Carson, I'm speechless. It's spectacular. Just fabulous!" Exit Mr. Charles.

"Well, Mrs. Carson, I know you're convinced. Here, Florence, take off the dress, and I'll wrap it. Okay, Mrs. Carson?"

Mrs. Carson's lips move, the word "yes" comes forth and she is once more ushered to the rear of the store.

Here comes Florence with the red dress over her arm, chatting with a dazed Mrs. Carson. Sadie packs the dress in a gold and white striped box, tapes a large red bow on the package, and places it into Mrs. Carson's waiting arms.

"Here, sweetheart, you should enjoy it in good health. You'll look stunning anywhere with this dress. My whole store should burn down if I'm lying. Come again soon, doll, Bye."

Sadie's clear, blue eyes follow Mrs. Carson from the store until she is a few doors away; then she turns and places the newly acquired cash into the register as Mr. Charles comes puffing from the rear of the store.

"What's the matter with you, Charlie?"

"Oh, nothing, Sadie, just a little fire started in the store room. Nothing serious, it's all under control."

# With A MOTHER LIKE THAT



by TERESA SWEENEY '61

illustrated by genevieve tursi, '60

You would never say he was ten. He was too little, almost delicate, this creature staring into the square library mirror. He leaned forward in the indirect light and childishly traced his image on the glass.

"Charles P. Tierney III," he said, "son of Charles P. Tierney II, son of . . ." He smiled wickedly at his own ramblings. "For a small boy, Charlie, you've got a quick mind," he complimented himself.

He always referred to himself as Charlie; it annoyed his mother no end. She was, he decided, one of those obnoxious class females of which he had read in a magazine article. *Nouveau riche* - he seemed to recall the phrase.

"Always putting on," he sneered, looking at his reflection, but thinking of her. "The Big Boss . . . dripping with dough. Boy, I could kill her. Thinks she can buy *anything*. And anybody . . . Even Miss Herbert . . ."

His face grew dark with scorn and anger. He remembered the incident well. That was - let's see - three years ago. When he started second grade, he guessed.

Miss Herbert was a prim, good-looking young woman, sensible as a New England town had brought her up to be. She was teaching in a private school, getting practice and experience for the family she hoped one day to have.

"Children are an amazing source of knowledge. Such imagination, realism and inner sight can't be found anywhere else.

There's not one of them that can't teach you something; a technique, an approach, or" - somewhat ruefully - "a lesson."

Charles P. III, it seemed, had fallen into the latter category. Or maybe you couldn't really class him at all, she often thought, and shuddered.

He was always frowning, obvious displeasure in his eyes. He would stare at you balefully, grimace fiercely until you looked away. He never walked into a room; he shuffled. He sprawled gracelessly in his seat, commenting when he thought it necessary.

Correction, or chastisement, meant nothing. Ten minutes' "solitary" in the wardrobe had as much effect on the puckered face as a half-hour group recess.

There was no such thing as "getting along" with his classmates. Miss Herbert could remember one little girl who, in a game of musical chairs, had been the one remaining contender with Charles. As the tinkling accompaniment stopped, the small girl plunked her bottom hard on the wooden chair. As winner, she dutifully received her prizes: a tiny clothesline and clothespin set and - to her delight - a yellow canary that had been class pet until then.

Charles stared unbelievably at this usurper of gifts rightfully his. Why, he would've won if she hadn't pushed him to sit down. The prizes were his. He pushed his eyebrows further





down until they made a little peaked roof for his eyes.

"You beter give me them," he warned later, in the privacy of an unpopulated corner. She started to answer boldly, and then, frightened a little at his intensity, shook her head and backed away.

In the library, ten-year old Charles P. Tierney III chuckled devilishly. "Boy, I bet they all thought I wrung that bird's neck and hung him over her desk on the clothesline. Would I be so dumb?"

He shook his head in silent mirth at their stupidity. "Of course, ther *were* mine. I'd rather have kept them, but that mother of mine would never let a canary in."

The mental picture of his mother opening the huge front door to admit a well-dressed canary sent him once more into silent gales of laughter.

He sobered a bit as he followed his train of thought. That Miss Herbert! A dame could sure get upset over a thing like that. "God sakes," he imitated his father breathlessly, "She's a real wretch!"

He remembered the violent scene that had followed, in the principal's office. His father, coldly disapproving, smoking his cigar strongly, playing his "let's be-sensible-he's-just-a-boy" role with an attitude that conveyed his sense of inconvenience at being there. His mother, coldly reserved, then annoyed, finally

extremely excited. Boy, she really ranted!

But that wasn't half so bad as when she started to cry. Charles III set his mouth disgustedly. Boy, she could really cry. And then, still swimming in all those tears, she had to go begging them to keep her "Baby Charles" in the school. That was bad enough, but she had to go and offer them money to take him back.

"The boy had not been adjusted since he started," she was told. "He will perhaps be happier elsewhere."

And she had to push *more* money in their faces! He ground his teeth. "Who wanted to be in their damn school, anyway? She thinks she can buy anything. One of these days I'll kill her. She won't be able to buy *me* off - ever . . . Boy . . . How my father stands her, I just don't know."

Charles got up and crossed the library to his father's leather chair. He settled himself far back in the seat, so that his legs wouldn't even reach the floor. "Now then," he puffed an imaginary cigar, "what seems to be the trouble, Charlie boy? Got a problem?"

The trouble! Couldn't he tell? It was that woman! What boy genius wouldn't be having a problem with a mother like that?

"After all," he smiled giddily as power bubbled up in him, "a man can take just so much." Especially after that business with the big dog . . .

He moved restlessly on the worn leather seat. He sure liked



that dog . . . A big red dog, with a long tongue that always hung out, dripping on the varnished floor in the hall. It was Mr. Mackey's great Dane - Mr. Mackey, who came all the time from the town mill just so his special friend Charles P. Tierney III could visit with Dane.

That was a good dog, that great Dane; leave it to his mother to crab about the hall floor. What's a little spit? It's not as if it was gonna put holes in the floor.

Besides, why did she have to yell at him, Charles? Could *he* stop the dog from hanging his tongue out? Even a dog should be allowed to put his tongue out when he wants. Boy! It made him nauseous to think about it.

The day that he overheard his mother telling Mr. Mackey not to come any more was in the summer. He stood stock still, outside the pantry, and heard her, clear as day.

"I know you enjoy the boy's company. But I just don't want that animal here." A guilty pause. "Here, maybe this'll do . . . I know you're the boy's friend, but take it . . ."

Charles wanted to run, to scream, to throw himself on the floor and kick as he had done when he was a baby. Who did she think she was? God? To direct the comings and goings of *his friends*? Well, if he could not love that dog, nobody could! He had run out to the garage, up into the hunting room . . .

He'd cried when Mr. Mackey

came to tell them that the dog had been lured into the woods behind the lake and then gotten accidentally caught in a bear trap (though why a bear trap was set in mid-summer was beyond him!)

And he'd cried, cursing his mother silently for making it all necessary, that Mr. Mackey had had to "put Dane to sleep" - for good. He'd make her sorry for that.

He was crying now, too, in frustration and anger, the salty tears making uneven little furrows on the waxy leather armchair. He'd fix her!

He pulled a chrysanthemum from the bowl on the cigarette table and began to shred it into yellow confetti, grinding the mutilated petals under his heel into the green pile rug. He knew what he'd do.

His frown increased. He hated to think like this. It gave him a headache. But it was worth a headache if it vexed his mother, made her regret what she had done to him. He formulated his plan more clearly.

"You're a boy genius, Charlie," he granted himself solemnly, his eyes gleaming with a strange smile. "What'll she tell all her fancy friends? Boy, will she be sore at herself! Yep!"

He made his way out of the room, down the panelled hall, out the back door. He waved at the distant figure of his mother, sitting on a red lawnchair, as he deliberately ignored the stone

path and cut across the lawn toward the lake.

And he just kept walking. The water was very cool, especially when it got around his belly, and he grinned, satisfied.

"Boy, will she have a fit when she sees what I did to these clothes!" He felt a momentary twinge of guilt for his father's sake, and then he shrugged away

this small obstacle to his perfect revenge.

". . . Ten to one she doesn't call me 'Charlie' when she finds me, either. 'Charles', she'll start screaming blue murder, 'Charles, what have you done?'"

He shuddered a little, blinking against the water that began to swirl around his eyes. He shrugged again.

Boy, she could really scream!



# ***DIGNUM ET JUSTUM EST***

SHEILA MCCARTHY '60

If we all thought hard enough, I imagine we could recall being soberly reminded by some soberly thinking high school teacher that we ought to think more often about Death. While this is certainly a topic with many beneficial meditative components, it is not one that frequently enters the minds of the young, especially where their own lives are concerned. In fact, as we now advance in age and wisdom we are habitually guilty of lightly inserting in our conversation such remarks as, "I nearly died laughing," or "I could have died when she said that," or when describing our feelings at some terrible mishap, "I was dying." Literally speaking, such statements would be preposterous, but we continue to use them. And in order that you may not think I exclude myself from such thoughtless company, I shall humbly relate my own reflections during my own near tragic end. These were quite departed from the usual life-flashbacks we read about, but that was probably because I had such a thriving faith in Life that I never believed for one moment I was about to expire. My first realization of that fact came later when, dramatically reliving those awful moments for someone, I complained that, "I nearly died!" - and I nearly did!



But returning to my humble reflections, I'll begin by saying I always presumed I could swim well enough to save myself. Therefore, on this memorable day at the lake, when the others proceeded to the second raft, remembering my capacity I thought, "No, you'll never make it out there; rest here at the first raft, and swim back to shore." Unfortunately, I misjudged the distance, and when I stopped paddling to wade the rest of the way, the lake bottom was not there. I considered my predicament from beneath the surface, and decided I'd better rise and float in. But I couldn't seem to resume that horizontal position, so I thought I'd tread water for a while, a thing I'd never done before. I wasn't much of a success though, because I rather resembled a hydraulic pump; and at this point I began to have trouble breathing as I bobbed in and out of the lake. It was then I started thinking I'd soon tire of gulping first a mouthful of air, and then one of water; and if someone didn't grab me, I'd soon be forced to settle for water. This was somewhat distasteful to me, and as I repeatedly surged to the surface, I sputtered things like, "Help! Oh do save me! Someone?" And all this time I was saying to myself, "How silly to drown in only eight feet of water! My mother will be so upset. And poor Mickey! She invites me up for the weekend and I go out and drown myself." Then I remembered a story I'd read in Art Buchwald's column in the *Herald-Tribune*, and I thought it an odd time to be making references.

The story concerned a poor Frenchman who always has the worst things happen to him, and is always followed by bad luck. Finally, on a return flight to Paris after a fruitless fortune hunting trip to Canada, the plane's engines go dead over the Atlantic. *Pauvre Pierre*, convinced he is at fault, offers to bail out so the others may be saved. He takes two parachutes as an extra precaution, but when neither opens he resorts to prayer, and tumbling through space, shouts, "St. Francis, St. Francis!"

Suddenly a hand reaches out, grabs Pierre by the neck, and a Voice asks, "Which one?"

"Xavier," replies Pierre.

"Sorry," says the Voice releasing his grip, *et c'est fini pour Pierre*.

My last thought before someone finally did notice my plight and take me to shore was, "St. Francis, St. Francis!" I shudder to think where I might be now if I'd picked the wrong Francis! In my knowledge gained through sense experience, I strongly suspect that sober thinking is meet indeed and just, right and helpful . . .

# I LOST

I lost my father's blessing  
At the threshold of life;  
I lost my fancy and fairies  
When beauty fled beyond the reach of my eyes;  
I lost my only friend  
To the keeper of eternity;  
I lost my last credo in mankind  
In the bazaar of Juda.

If you by chance  
Find what I have lost  
Return them to me,  
For my ember is burning low  
And I have yet a long way to go.

IRENE CHEN '59

illustrated by the author



# *They Also Serve*

JEAN BAUMGARTEN '61

**Some people delight in suffering!** — they have ever since the first voodoo doll was punctured by the first medicine man. However, do not conclude that modern man has lost his enthusiasm for suffering just because there is currently no market for poison rings, pits and pendulums and the like. On the contrary, the twentieth-century man has made several splendid contributions to the cause: subways, brain-washing, and the standing line in front of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Those who follow this last method call themselves "standees", and are thought to have been founded by John Milton since they are content most of the time to "only stand and wait."

Now there is waiting and there is waiting, but he who braves the line that assembles before a performance at the Met must be of heroic stuff: he must have fairly alert arches; he must be able to endure long fasts broken only by an occasional "life-saver"; he must cheerfully bear anything of the rain, snow, or sleet variety; and should be able to defend his place on line as if it were the bridge and he was Horatio.

If there is to be a particularly gala performance sung by Tebaldi or Tebaldi, there is no limit to the extremes to which the standee will go.

For a two o'clock Saturday matinee, there are those who seek the line in the wee hours of the morning and stand in a panting attitude until a "general admission" ticket is eased between their frost-bitten fingers. The line grows little by little as the day progresses and by ten or eleven a.m., the column is in full formation and full animation.

There is always a group of eager young men heatedly discussing whether this one's pianissimos are louder than that one's, and frequently spicing their conversations with such remarks as, "And when she hit that A flat . . ." There is often a practical joker in this group who alarms the entire line with impromptu remarks like, "Kurt Baum will replace Mario Del Monaco in this evenings' performance."

Then there are the place-holders or collectivists who would have brought an approving smile to the lips of Pappa Marx. Each one of these takes a turn at arriving especially early to reserve a place for

the fifteen or twenty comrades who will unobtrusively add themselves to the line during the day. Such a rapid rate of multiplication almost puts miosis to shame.

The group diametrically opposed to these are the democrats - *naturellement* - who object strenuously to anyone moving their ticket number up a digit. This type usually sports a moustache, a knickerbocker cap belted in the ivy league manner and are characterized by their endearing whine.

Then there are the winsome little old ladies who muse to themselves about the Golden Age of Opera when the Met could boast of Caruso, Pons, Pinza, Ferrar or Ponselle. This is the rare specimen who has been a "standee" for upwards of twenty years and who chatters incessantly such remarks as, "I think American girls are so pretty," which is answered immediately by equally incessant nodding.

Another type of opera-lover which the line is never without are the unbridled enthusiasts, or less politely, "the lunatic fringe" who have stood for practically every performance of the current season, and who can always be recognized during a performance by their frenzied "bravos" and the glassy stare with which they receive every note of the music. This last group is also set off from the others since they are usually clinging to one of the yellow brick sides of the opera house as if it were the Weeping Wall of Jerusalem.

Any standee will agree that the best part of all this waiting is when the "standee" becomes a "leanee", or more specifically, when he finds himself on the other side of the wall where he can lean on a railing, or recline on the red plush carpet, much to the chagrin of Mrs. Pommade who swoops down the aisle in her full length mink, only to trip over a sneakered foot.

Therefore, if this particular type of agony strikes your fancy, you have taken the first step toward becoming a successful sufferer. Next you might acquire a liking for opera since it would take a great physical effort to refrain from weeping, cheering, hanging from balconies and whatever else ecstatic opera lovers do when the spirit seizes them. You have never heard opera nor unlocked the secret to its essential magic until you have marched yourself up to the end of the line and passed the "trial by ordeal."







# SNOW DAY

GENEVIEVE TURSI '60

I feel this hard cracking day,  
    the dark so dark,  
        the bright so bright.  
Nothing is straight  
    and no sound sharp,  
Man makings are cushioned -  
    a whisper - his voice.  
I see all one long straining music,  
    a world of hushed harmony,  
    fluxing discords of fickle beauty -  
    wind wisp and cycle flash!  
I hear noise loud piercing notes  
    of hysterical pitch,  
    a clashing shovels this beauty  
        with scorn.  
Snow picture ruined - reality born.  
Look how those little hearts,  
    warm and quick pulsing,  
        all scarlet and jumping,  
    laugh on my scene of dark and bright.  
A champagne spell,  
    eye blink of a minute-day,  
    gold dust on a window sill - Life.  
        if I could only stay.



INTIMATIONS ON MORTALITY

ROSALIE J. TUTINO '59



A gust of wind swirled scraps of newspapers like gliders. Jimmy Riff tightened his lips into a grim smile to keep the dirt from blowing into his mouth. It seemed every time he walked down the street, dirt would fly into his mouth. He was always spitting out dirt. It wasn't the kind of dirt that smelled clean - the kind he liked to rest his head on in Central Park when he would lie on his back and stare up at the clouds forming crazy patterns as they were pushed steadily across the sky by the powerful unseen hand of the wind. Once he would have sworn the clouds looked like two people dancing, and once he even saw a little cloud swallowed up by a big cloud and wondered if they made a noise way up there or just became lost in one another silently.

No, this wasn't the same dirt. It didn't even taste the same. Jimmy had tasted the dirt in Central Park. Last spring he had hesitatingly inched his tongue between the blades of sprouting grass on a dare. Some of the boys bet he couldn't keep it there for a minute without ants crawling on it - but he did, and it didn't taste half bad. It wasn't gritty and hard like this dirt, and anyway, nobody called him "Chicken" anymore after that - well, for a while anyway.

Jimmy's quick paces slowed to a halt as he neared the jelly apple stand on the corner. He wished he had kept his quarter last night instead of chipping in with the other boys for a new puck. They wouldn't be able to play street hockey until Sunday when the West Side's groaning streets are spared the endless parade of trucks, cars, and pulley wagons which stream into and out of the garment district. How they all looked forward to Sunday when their private ghost town of 37 Street and 9 Avenue becomes Madison Square Garden and you can actually skate around for five minutes before being interrupted by a beeping horn and a sly remark spewed from a hastily rolled down window, which usually ends with "bastards!"

"Boy, that quarter would sure come in handy now," Jimmy thought as his four foot three inch frame stood flat against the plate glass window. The cold of the hard object pressed through his corduroy pants and windbreaker. In a few seconds the window became steamy where Jimmy's mouth had breathed on it and with a stubby finger he etched his initials J.R. on the moist squeaky surface. A lusty shout from the white, starched figure inside the stand quickly separated the warm body from the cold glass, but it took a few minutes for both the body and the glass to erase the effort of the contact. Jimmy pulled up his collar to drive off the chill and at least fifteen people noticed the slowly fading patch of white frost and the initials J. R.



illustrated by ellen mclean '66

The morning dragged by slowly. Jimmy slouched in a doorway with his knees hunched under his chin, and watched hundreds of pairs of legs scurry, stride, stroll and limp by. He tried to guess how tall people were by the size of their feet. Sometimes he was right, but most times he was wrong. After a while he became dizzy looking at swift feet flying nowhere in a limited distance of vision, so he started looking at faces. This was infinitely more interesting - but the wave of noses, eyes and hats soon bored him too and a hollow ensation grew in his stomach. He wished he hadn't played hooky today, at least, not by himself.

The lots on 35 St. would be empty at this hour. Jimmy scuffled his way through a giant world past tweed coats, delivery boys, stalled smoking trucks, frenzied shoppers and foul-mouthed bums. A stream of warm sun streaked a three foot wide path on the lumpy, garbage strewn lot, where in a four hours howls and screams of a dozen boys would fight a raging battle with the unconquerable noises of the city. Now it was as still as a graveyard.

Jimmy sat on a wooden box which he had pushed into the sun because the bite of the wind could be felt more sharply in this open space. He sat playing a mental game of cops and robbers when a shadow staggered cross the three foot sun path and cut off Jimmy's thoughts of front page glory. The furry mass crept up to the box, stretched out on its back, and with a jerky stretching motion, started licking a red stained paw. The boy's dazed expression vanished and he sprang near the whining dog.



"What's the matter, fella? Did ya have a fight? Oh, no, look! There's a piece of glass sticking outta your paw. If you promise not to bite, I'll pull it out. Will ya?"

Two trembling fingers eased past matted clumps of hair, grasped the jagged glass and yanked. The dog leaped and his head snapped forward toward the hand which held him firmly to the ground.

"Easy, boy, it's all right - see, it's out. No vet coulda done a better job. But, boy, can you bleed. I'd better bandage that up, then we can take a walk together - maybe to the park, or maybe just home."

Another shadow broke in. "Hi, Kid, what's up? Dig that crazy how wow!"

Big Moe, a local jazz enthusiast, was leaning over Jimmy's shoulder stroking his newly trimmed van dyke. His lean young face was partly hidden by his striped cap which was slung down over his eyes. Jimmy never looked up, his eyes intent on the wriggling body beneath his hands.

"What'll I do, Moe? He's bleeding more now!"

"Easy, Dad. Clamp your frigid digits on this nose blower and lay it on him." Jimmy wrapped Moe's checkered handkerchief around the paw, and added his own white one for good measure.

A smile crept across his face as he saw the top bandage remain unstained, meaning the bleeding was stopping.

"Gee, Moe, thanks. I was scared."

"Don't slobber, Sloo. Have to blow - and I do mean practice. Don't want my sax to get the blues. If you need anything else, flop into my pad. Okay? Have a blast in dogsville, Dad."

The slim figure bopped out of the lot, shoulders hunched, fingers snapping, and "ooblias" piercing the air.

Jimmy gently picked the dog up in a cradling position. He walked to a far corner of the lot and sat down. Two moist brown eyes stared up at him as he patted the dog's nose to see if it was wet.

"You're okay, it's wet! You're pretty heavy. Bet you're at least two years old. Ya got no collar or tag, that means nobody owns ya. Maybe Mom will let me keep ya. And I'll call ya . . . ah . . . let's see . . . Bruno, after my uncle . . . or maybe Buddy, like we'll be buddies . . . or maybe Duke after Duke Snider. Boy, wait 'til the guys get a load of you. They'll be out soon."

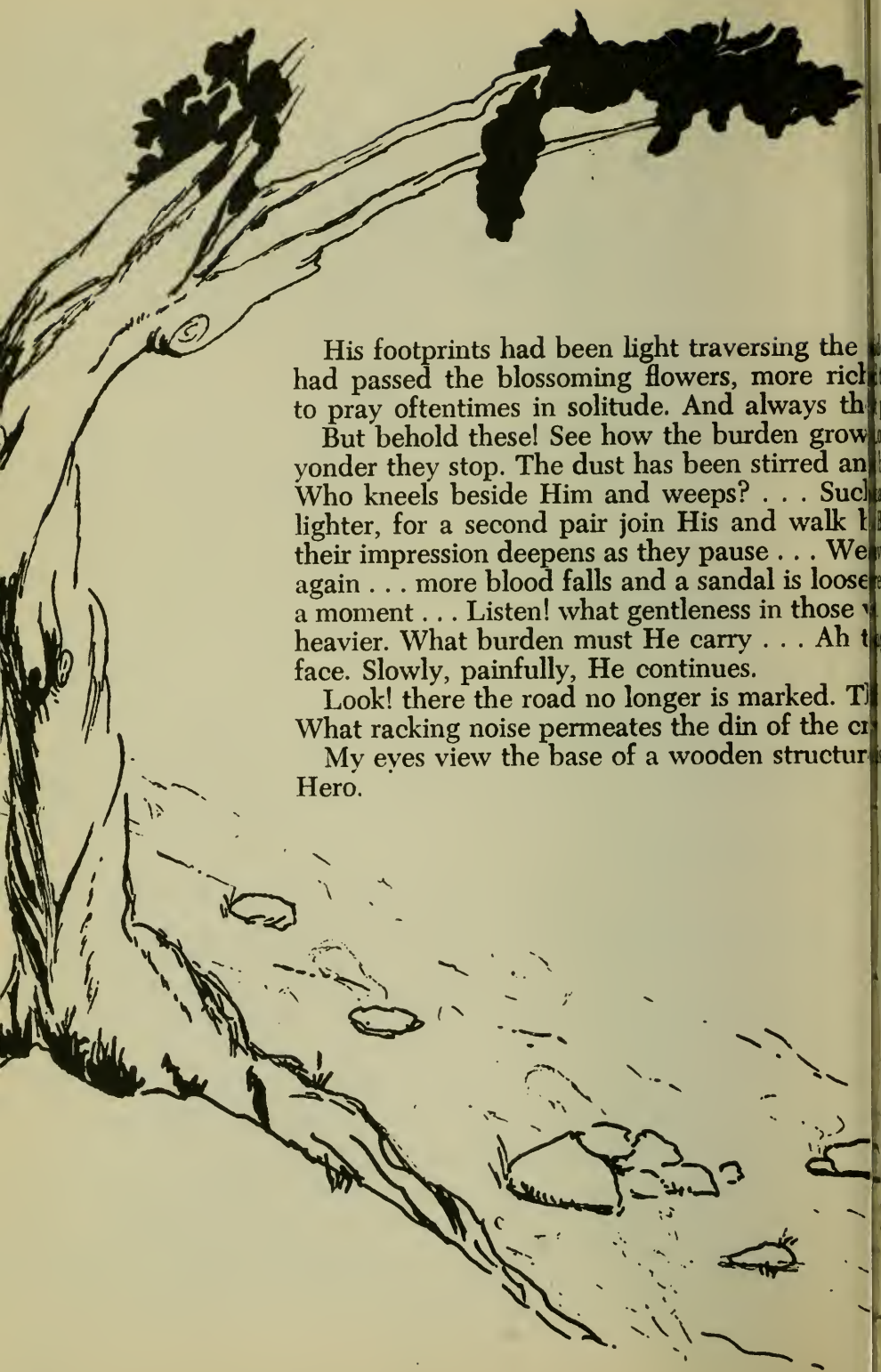


illustrated by rosalie j. tutino '59

The dog's tensed muscles relaxed against the boy's arm and its headnuzzled against his chest. Jimmy didn't say a word. He held the warm fur closer to him and allowed himself to slip into a daze as every movie he had ever seen about boys and their dogs flickered across his mind.

The few passing moments seemed like days. A screech of brakes introduced a pack of four barking dogs dashing across the street toward the lot. Jimmy felt the resting body next to his become tense—the dog's ears perked, his head turned and before Jimmy could close his fingers around the leaping dog, it was beyond his reach, running on three legs after the slowly disappearing barking echoes. The little bundle of grey fluff crossed the patch of sun into the shade and became a silhouette, except for the piece of white cloth dangling from its right front paw.

Jimmy quickly stood erect and dusted off his pants. He walked back into the warm light, sat down on the box, and with slow deliberate action, kicked dust over the three patches of blood stained sand. Some flew up into his face. He pursed his lips and spat - it seemed he was always spitting out dirt.



His footprints had been light traversing the  
had passed the blossoming flowers, more rich  
to pray oftentimes in solitude. And always th

But behold these! See how the burden grow  
yonder they stop. The dust has been stirred an  
Who kneels beside Him and weeps? . . . Such  
lighter, for a second pair join His and walk b  
their impression deepens as they pause . . . We  
again . . . more blood falls and a sandal is loose  
a moment . . . Listen! what gentleness in those  
heavier. What burden must He carry . . . Ah t  
face. Slowly, painfully, He continues.

Look! there the road no longer is marked. Th  
What racking noise permeates the din of the cr

My eyes view the base of a wooden structur  
Hero.

# FOOTPRINTS

LENORE VITALO '62

des, the dusty roads, His beloved fields. They  
than Solomon in all his glory, and had stopped  
peace to those who followed.

ook to those that are stained with blood . . .  
blood have fallen. Hold, they begin again! . . .  
ars mar the dust . . . Now those prints grow  
Brave steps run out from the sea of steps taken;  
ve . . . His prints move on . . . Ah pity, they stop  
e the steps turn toward the crowd, hesitate for  
He moves on. Each succeeding step grows  
gain; the road receives the impression of His

the hill lays in the folds of His garments . . .

and behold . . . the crossbars . . . the Young

illustrated by mary margaret farley '59





illustrated by Mary Margaret Farley '59

JUDY PERRY '62

It was exactly 9 o'clock on a hazy summer morning as Torn Gallagher stood on the boardwalk of Jensen Beach, breathing the fresh salty air.

"Man, it's chilly, and the smell of that air reminds me I'm hungry! You idiot! That will teach you to sleep late."

He groaned as he thought of the long morning ahead of him which must be faced on an

empty stomach. But all at once memories of last night flooded his mind and the growling inside of him ceased. Suddenly the day seemed different, yet he knew it was like all the others.

"Wow! Would-ya look at that sky. I've never seen it so blue."

Without his realizing it, the thought of Kathy entered his mind and a wonderful feeling of warmth came over him, dispell-



ing the chill of the early morning air. The clouds separated and the sun burst through, spreading its rays over the wide expanse of yellow sand. Each tiny grain began to give off a glow and as he walked towards his tower, the sand was warm and gentle to his bare feet.

Abruptly he awoke from his dreaming, for the sight of the white tower reminded him that he'd better start to work.

"Boy! That chair sure needs a good paint job. I'll have to get around to it one of these years."

His partner on the tower, Bill Mullen, Kathy's older brother, had not arrived yet so Tom was all alone on the beach. Reaching the waterline, he could see that the sea, which stretched endlessly before his eyes, was calm and placid. As he stood watching, the waves were rolling in continuous succession to the shore, leaving a foamy wake surging behind. The stone jetty, resembling a massive stone wall, jutted out from the shore in front of the tower, and it was a part of Tom's job to parole it every day. Now it was being paroled by a solitary seagull. Apparently the bird found no satisfaction in pacing the wall, for seconds later he began to sweep over the water.

"Wait a minute feller, this is getting you nowhere fast. Just forget about the seagull and get up in that chair." Admonishing

himself, Tom quickly mounted his tower and settled himself for the first watch of the morning.

Trying hard to concentrate on the water, Tom thought to himself that soon the bathers would begin arriving and the sand, completely overrun with people, would hardly be visible. He could also imagine the activity which would be going on all around him as the tide rolled its huge waves to the shore. The shouts of children building their castles in the sand would be mingled with the roar of the waves, the shrieking of seagulls, and the shouts of ice cream vendors. Huge beach balls would sail through the air and Tom would warn the ballplayers to be careful of the children playing. Occasionally, the shrill blast of a whistle would indicate to Tom that some bather was in trouble.

Scanning the horizon from his high perch, because of the clearness of the day, Tom could see the green outline of the Jersey shore in the distance. He was more deeply touched by the beauty of his surroundings than he would dare to admit even to himself.

"What's the matter with me today? I'm all off. All the Chief has to do is find me dreaming and that's it . . . Wonder why that bird seems to get such a charge out of walking up and down the jetty by himself? He looks pretty silly if you ask me." Then a sudden realization of what had been bothering him



since he first saw the beach from the boardwalk hit him with the force of a solid punch.

"Hey! Now I know why everything looks so different today. It's 'cause of Kathy! That's gotta be it. Why, that sky's almost the color of her eyes and the sand is practically the color of her hair. Hey, Boy! You'd better cut this out. If the guys knew what I was thinking I'd never live it down. They'd rank me left 'n right and make me feel like a complete fool. Hey! Why in blazes should I give a darn what they think? Anyway! What they think doesn't matter now.

"All that really matters is Kath. If she thinks I'm okay, then I'm set." At this moment Tom's thinking was interrupted by the sound of a familiar voice.

"Hey muscles! Wake up will ya!"

"Hi, Bill, how's it going?"

"Can't complain I guess. And even if I could it wouldn't do me any good. Things look pretty quiet. Want me to take over the chair for awhile?"

Having been brought back from the land of dreams, Tom realized that he was kinda stiff from sitting still so long, so he gladly turned the tower over to his partner.

"Sure thing, Bill. I'll take the jetty for awhile." After jumping down, Tom began to walk away when Bill's voice stopped him dead in his tracks.

"Hey, musclehead, how was your big date last night?" Seeing the sudden blush on Tom's face, Bill knew that everything had been fine.

"How'd you like my kid sister?" Trying desperately to be nonchalant and not reveal his true feelings about Kathy, Tom replied, "Oh, she's very nice, I guess. I had a fair time."

"Well, from the way she spoke, Kathy thinks you're fair too. The look on your face right now sorta reminds me of the look on Kathy's face this morning when I left. You look like you're in another world and God help anyone who tries to bring you back to this one!"

Sheepishly, Tom grinned, knowing it was next to impossible to fool Bill. They had been partners on the beach ever since Tom had begun his career as a lifeguard two years ago. As a rookie kid of sixteen, Tom was instructed on the duties of a lifeguard by Bill. Since that first summer, the two guys had become great pals. They had the same views on many things and both agreed that swimming was the most important thing in their lives. But a week ago all that had changed. Bill, the sneak, had met a girl. She was some friend of his kid sister and Bill had been acting like a complete idiot ever since that miserable day.

Realizing that Tom felt a little hurt and left out, Bill had fixed

up a date between Tom and his younger sister, Kathy, who was just seventeen to Tom's eighteen. That had started the ball rolling and now, facing Bill, Tom was compelled to admit that the idea had been pretty good, for much to his surprise, he had really enjoyed Kathy's company. She was cute and had a terrific personality. She never stopped laughing and her smile seemed to light up her whole face. Suddenly he realized that Bill was saying something to him.

"Oh! Before I forget, Kathy said to tell you that she'll be down to see you later when she gets a chance."

"Thanks pal. Let me know when she gets here. . . . Boy! what a lucky break for me. Now! Try to concentrate on the planks of the jetty, boy! Move over you silly bird, I'm coming through!"

The beach had suddenly become very crowded when Tom finished his tour of the jetty. Looking up towards the boardwalk, he could see what seemed like millions of people and the noise they were making was almost deafening. Some little kids were playing on the jetty as Tom paced his way back to the shore. With one short blast of his whistle, he chased them all, except one little boy who was intent on his digging.

"Hi there sonny! What are you building?"

"A fort for my soldiers to fight in."

"That's swell, but I'm afraid you'll have to pick yourself up and move all your soldiers to a new fort down by the water. You see, little boys aren't allowed to play on the jetty." Tom could see defiance written all over the child's face as he set his toy soldiers more firmly in the wet sand.

"Come on now, be a good little monster and please get off the jetty."

"I won't and you or nobody else can make me if I don't want to! Who do you think you are anyway? The owner of this stinky beach?"

Besides being amazed that such a small boy could say that all in one breath, and feeling his Irish temper rising, Tom tried once more.

"No, I don't own this beach, but I watch it for the man who does own it. He told me to make sure that all little boys behave themselves. That includes you! Now there's a whole beach full of beautiful sand just waiting for a little boy like you to play on it. So get off the jetty and find a better place to dig. Try down by the water."

"No, I won't, and besides I like it here."

Knowing that in two seconds his patience would be completely gone, and fearing for the life of the child if that should happen, Tom decided to use a little psychology.

"Well, since you don't seem to be afraid of me . . ."

"You're darn right I'm not!"

"I bet I know something you are afraid of."

"Yea! Like what for instance?"

"Hey Bill, remember that family of snakes that used to live under the jetty? Are they still there?"

"What's your trouble now Tom? What? Family of what? You flipped your lid or something?"

By this time the little boy had nearly reached the boardwalk in his flight, so Tom didn't even bother to answer his partner.

"So what, if he thinks I'm nuts. I know different!"

"Hey Tom."

Dead silence answered Bill's call.

"I think he's lost in that fog again. Hey! Ugly!"

"What do you want from my life?"

"Take over the tower will you and keep your eyes on the water. Try to leave the kids alone and no more picking on them, you hear me?"

"Go ahead and stuff your ugly face. Nobody around here will miss you, except maybe the silly girls you're always flirting with. Make it quick, buddy, my stomach can't take much more!"

Oh! Yes, they were real good pals!

Once again he faced the miles

of ocean and once more he felt the pangs of hunger.

"I hope Bill doesn't take too long to eat. When he comes back I can take off for an hour. Then after I eat maybe Kathy will be here. I wish she'd hurry up and come."

He was beginning to get a little bored with watching the water and trying to analyze the people walking along when he was aware of an uneasy feeling in the pit of his stomach. This time it wasn't hunger but he recognized it as the sixth sense that warned him when something was about to happen. It made him uneasy and jittery. Every muscle tensed and he had a feeling someone was in trouble. The water seemed to be in order, although with the oncoming tide, the waves were getting rough. A sudden scream from far out on the water on the next bay brought Tom to his feet with a start and then he saw the victim. With one leap he was on the sand and running towards the water. The chief lifeguard, Smitty, had gotten there first and Tom could see him thrashing toward the victim far out in the water. Eddie Smith, from the next bay, was there too, but they could only stand by helplessly, awaiting the orders of the Lieutenant.

"Hey Tom! You better go and get the oxygen. I think we're going to need it."

Tom took off and moments later, was back with the oxygen. The chief seemed to be having a hard time bringing the victim to shore.

"Hey you guys, get the boat. You'll have to go out to him and bring them in. Those breakers are getting rough."

Tom and Eddie pushed the "Cat", as the boat was called, out to the shoreline and tried to get it into the water. Each effort was in vain, for the waves tossed the boat back to shore.

"Come on Ed! We've got to get this crate out there!"

With one burst of energy and a tremendous shove they launched the boat and then the struggle began in earnest. They rowed

with all their strength for what seemed like an eternity before they finally spotted them tossing about. Reaching over, Eddie pulled a young girl about fourteen onto the boat, and Smitty managed to hang on to the back. With a great effort, Tom rowed toward the shore and with a sigh of relief, landed the huge raft on the firm sand. The girl was given oxygen and at last was able to tell them what had happened. It seemed that she had gone out too far and, as the tide came in, she was unable to swim back to shore. Becoming panicky, she cried for help and that was it.

In accordance with the regulations, she had to be taken to First Aid and after she was led



illustrated by ellen mc lean '60



away, the chief commended Tom and his assistant for their fine job.

Glad that all the excitement was over, Tom slowly made his way back to his own bay. Every muscle in his body was aching from the long struggle against the ocean and he wished he could plop himself down on the soft sand and sleep. However as he came near the tower, a welcome sight met his eyes. Bill was back from lunch and he had brought his sister with him. Kathy seemed so much cuter than Tom remembered her and he wondered if they were talking about him.

"Wonder why she's looking at me like that? I hope Bill hasn't been teasing her. Him and his big mouth."

"Hi Kathy! You're looking great today."

"Don't you talk to me Tom Gallagher. You ran right by me on the beach and didn't even say 'Hi!' I hope I don't look that bad that you can't even see me."

"I RAN RIGHT BY YOU! WHEN? I was just down on the next bay on a case."

"I know where you were; in fact, I watched the whole thing. You went down the beach, I guess to get the rowboat, and I was walking by. I called you but you just kept running."

Feeling a little foolish and trying to figure out how he could have possibly run by her without seeing her, Tom could only squirm under her hurt gaze.

"But Kathy! The catamaran is not a rowboat, in the first place. In the second place, you must know that when I'm on a case I have to watch what I'm doing, because there's always a lot at stake. We were in a hurry to get the boat in the water because Smitty was having a hard time. The water's very rough today, so I guess that's how I missed you. But I didn't do it on purpose."

"I'm sorry I snapped at you, Tom. I guess my silly pride was hurt. That's what it was."

"Well! Well! I never thought I'd see the day when old muscles Gallagher would be giving excuses to a girl. I guess wonders never cease."

"Listen Bill! Lay off or you'll look cute buried in six feet of sand. You know Kathy, for such a nice girl you sure got stuck with a pretty miserable brother. I feel sorry for you, 'cause you have to put up with him."

"I don't know how I do it sometimes."

"Okay! Wise guy! cut the romance and get up in this chair. My poor seat is sore from sitting so long."

Having noticed a bulky package under Kathy's arm, and trying to quiet his growling stomach, Tom decided to drop a gentle hint.

"Not 'til I grap a bite of this chow Kathy seems to have brought me. Right, Kathy?"

"Oh! Yes, Tom, I thought you'd like some cookies I baked

for the beach lunch today, and I thought a great big boy like you ought to have a sandwich or three, and that meant coffee. So — Fall to, fella.”

“Gee, Kathy, this is great — I was just going up to grab a bite, when I saw you and Bill waiting here. Glad I detoured — Nedick’s was never like this. You make the coffee too?”

A bright nod brought more praise and thanks from Tom, interrupted by a bellow from Bill.

“Will ya make it snappy?”

“Coming up fella, Say Kathy! I’m awful glad you could come down today, I wanted to tell you what a good time I had last night.”

“I had a ball, Tom. By the way, what time are you getting off to-night? Eileen is staying late to wait for my stupid brother, so I thought, that is, well, do you think I could wait ’till you get off?”

“Gee! That would be swell. You could walk down here with Eileen about eight o’clock and then maybe we could go for a soda or something.”

“I’d like that, but I’d better shove off now ’cause Bill looks like he could eat you alive. I’ll see you later. Bye Tom.”

“So long, Kathy. — I’m coming up right away Bill. Keep your shirt on.

Settling himself once again in the chair, and scanning the water from his high perch, Tom thought about the morning that

had just passed. What a horrible mess! — Millions of children swarming over the jetty; beach balls; and that stubborn little boy.

“If there’s anything I can’t stand it’s a smart alecky kid.” The beach had suddenly become comparatively quiet, for it was lunch time.

“Whew!” thought Tom, the calm after the storm. Now to try and relax, if that’s possible.”

At this moment a stocky couple and their five pudgy children decided to park their blanket directly beneath the lifeguard’s chair.

“Hey! Lady, you can’t park your stuff in front of the tower.”

“Who says?”

“I say! Now calm down lady. Don’t get all shook up! You’ll live longer. If you can read, the rules are written on that little sign on the chair, and this is one of them. No lady! I can’t make any exceptions. There’s plenty of good sand back further. I know you like to be near the water, but just move back a little behind the chair. Okay, suit yourself, but I’m warning you! If I have to run suddenly, I may crush you.”

“These people haven’t got a brain cell working. All that has to happen is for the Chief to stroll by now. I’m sure they must be planning to spend the whole summer.”

Then the woman began to empty her picnic basket onto the



blanket as her husband and children crowded around her to watch. Potato salad, macaroni salad, pickles, ham bologna, salami, beer, soda, etc.

"I guess you remembered to pack everything dear."

In astonishment, Tom could just sit and stare with his mouth gaping wide, hardly able to believe his eyes.

"Good Lord, she must have brought everything but the kitchen sink. Who knows? Maybe she brought that too."

However, his attention was suddenly called away from the picnic, for the shrill blast of the whistle pierced the air.

"Oh! Oh!" Leaping to his feet, Tom stood alert on the edge of the tower, ready to run if he was needed. The whistle shrilled again. In one swift movement Tom jumped down to the sand, forgetting completely about the family encamped beneath him. Hastily scattering the remnants of the picnic, and ignoring remarks flung at him by the helpless victims, Tom raced to the scene of the trouble on the next bay.

Upon reaching Bay Four, Tom discovered that it was a false alarm, so he returned once more to his chair. The afternoon progressed slowly.

"Damn that clock! I think those stupid hands must be stuck! She should be here in about an hour. Hope she remembers to come."

The sun began sinking slowly

until it almost disappeared into the sea. With the coming of twilight, a blanket of calm fell over the beach.

"Man, it all looks so different with all the people gone. Some contrast from the madhouse this morning."

Glancing along the shore a feeling of excitement suddenly spread through his limbs. Far off in the distance, he could see a familiar figure walking along toward Bay Five.

"She did remember! I knew she would. Hey Bill! Let's move this tower back and call it quits for the day."

"I saw her coming too, Tom. Be with you in a sec!"

After the tower had been put away and the water checked for the last time, Tom walked down to the water to meet Kathy.

"Hi! Kathy, Did you have a nice day?"

"Hi! Tom, it was pretty good. Did you have any trouble after I left?"

"Oh! Some family that parked near the tower and wouldn't move. That's all."

A sudden shyness overcame both of them, but finally Tom reached out and took her hand. It felt warm in his hand and so very small and delicate.

"The beach looks beautiful at this time of day, Tom. The water's so calm and the sky's such a pretty pink. Oh! Look at the cute little seagull on the jetty."

"Yeah! He's a buddy of mine. We carry on long conversations when I have the late shift and have to stay 'till everyone else leaves."

They stood for a few moments in silence, but it was a comfortable kind of silence. She was so tiny next to him and he could feel her hair brushing against his shoulder. Impulsively he reached out and gently touched her hair. It was soft to his touch and Tom

suddenly was overcome by her presence. Then a funny feeling swept over him. This was his beach, and the seagull and the jetty belonged to him. Somehow he wasn't sure that he wanted to share it with this girl. But at that moment she looked up at him and all doubts quickly vanished. Gently he turned her face towards him and kissed her timidly! Oh, yes! It was going to be a great summer!

# THE TRIUMPH

PATRICIA DAWSON '61

When they first met, he was already an internationally known pianist, much in demand. The moment she saw him she wanted him, and pursued him with a perseverance uniquely hers. At first he hardly noticed her. Then, he began to see in her strong personality, a fulfillment of himself, an incentive toward his ultimate goal.

He fascinated her completely, yet there was something about him which puzzled her. He was consumed by a tremendous restlessness which kept a part of him separate and concealed. After their marriage, she hoped, she would be able to penetrate this area.

It was two weeks before the wedding that she learned his secret. He had just finished a concert appearance and amidst the disorder backstage, he snatched her hand and drew her into the dressing room. "Darling," he shouted gaily, "look at this!" He showed her a letter on his dressing table. "I've been promised a concert for my original work. I'll have to work like ten men to get it done on time. But think of it! Instead of a pianist, you'll have a composer for a husband. People will be playing *my* music for a change." His enthusiasm was infectious. They celebrated their good fortune with champagne. When she reached home, however, she was conscious of a vague hostility to some nebulous "thing" which she could not quite identify.

Within a few months after their marriage, his music had drowned their personal relationship. Once she had loved music, loved him. Now her love was converted into a lust for conquest over both. In his presence this driving force ate into her, colored her actions and words, compelled her to give battle. She hungered for him. She wanted to reach out and draw his soul into herself. Yet, he resisted, and she pitted all her forces against this resistance.

When her husband was away, everything was delicious, crystal clear, brilliant. She appreciated everything - the smell of the morning, the touch of clothing against her young body, the ripe scent of her own perfume. It was the shimmering, delicate sunshine after a storm, and she welcomed it.

On his return, she would once more experience the tense, dark anger which overcame her senses in the desperate fight for his soul. She would concentrate her sensuous being within herself, and focus all her energy on her one objective - to conquer the inner force that drew him away from her.

He was bewildered by her attitude. All he could understand was that she had suddenly cut herself off from any external display of emotion. She laughed occasionally, but it was a hysterical, mirthless laugh that distorted her face. And she punished him for his music, frequently, sadistically.

He composed slowly and carefully. As soon as he had finished a movement to his own taste, he would play it for her, then look up trembling with expectancy. The cold indifference in her eyes hurt him cruelly. She knew it and wanted it. She praised him unenthusiastically on these occasions, or said; "Is that what you've been doing while your dinner got cold. You should have more consideration for other people."

But nothing could stop him. In spite of her efforts, the music in his soul was given expression. He was driven by it. Day after day, the sound of the piano, once a beautiful thing, tormented and twisted her whole being. She could not escape the hateful reminder, the gnawing sounds, which proclaimed his progress. She clung to the hope that the music might be inferior. "Perhaps he will give it up, if his concert is not a success," she thought.

Still, she dreaded the day when his work would be ready. She began to use cunning. Mysteriously a piano wire snapped. It was a whole day before it was repaired, and she gloated in silence while he fretted over the waste of time. She even began to hide his pieces, leaving him the task of remembering what he had written.

But all her delaying tactics failed. The day came when his work was finally to be presented in public. During the rehearsals with the orchestra, she had been alone, nursing her warped hatred. She began to lose control over her emotions and suffered through fits of depression which she varied by sudden outbursts of anger.

On the night of the performance, she walked calmly into the concert hall, still hoping that he would fail. The hope, however, had already begun to wane. As she entered the lobby, she was



stopped by Giovanni Poletti, who had directed many of her husband's concerts. "I have heard his music, Madame. Do not worry, his success is certain," he said. With these words ringing in her ears, she walked down the aisle to her place.

She sat on the edge of her seat as the music began, her hands tightly clasping the seat ahead. As the music progressed, beads of perspiration appeared on her forehead. Tense fear gripped her, held her. At the intermission she walked into the lobby. Several people recognized her and walked over to congratulate her.

"Wonderful! Wonderful! My dear, you must be so proud."

"He conducts as beautifully as Poletti!"

"One of the critics just told me your husband is the greatest composer he has ever heard. Imagine!"

"Where has your husband been hiding all this talent? This work is magnificent!"

She stood there in tight-lipped acceptance of defeat. His music had triumphed and he had been completely consumed by its victory. She walked outside and hailed a taxi.

On the way home, she began to think calmly once more. "I am defeated, but only temporarily. I can still win. He shall hate his music. It will soon be all he has, and he shall hate it as much as I do."

She paid the cab driver and opened her front door. She went immediately to the bedroom and began to undress. She hung up her clothes in the closet. She had always been neat. Then, dressed in her nightgown, she sat at her husband's desk, and wrote him a note:

"My Dearest,

Tonight you proved to the world that you are a genius, a great composer. Yet as I sat in the audience I began to think. What have I done but withhold you from even greater heights? Your music is inspired, but it could have been even more magnificent. It is my fault that it was not. You must become one with your music. I am distracting you from your goal - which is of far greater importance than I. I am going to sleep now. I shall not awake. Forget me, forgive me.

Your Loving Wife."

A smile of satisfaction played about her lips. It was well done. "One might say it is a work of genius," she thought, as she opened the drawer of her night table.

She drew out a small box from the contents of the drawer, and took off the lid. It was filled with sleeping tablets. She brought a glass of water in from the bathroom and got into her bed. Then she swallowed all of the pills and rested her head on the pillow. The last sound she made as she slipped into unconsciousness was a cruel, hissing laugh of triumph.









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# ***ON THE SHORE OF LETHE***



ANN MORRISSEY '62

illustrated by genevieve tursi '60

When I was very young, I lived in a dark castle with stained glass windows. My mother had long golden hair, and was waited on by knights and ladies alike. My father was king, and he was strong and good. My baby brother had rosy cheeks and slept most of the day. Often I played in the shade of the castle walls.

After a very fierce war, we had to move to a lighthouse which stood in the midst of an angry sea. There was always a heavy mist and a gloomy sky.

One night, the lighthouse was destroyed by an immense wave, and we moved to a small island. Orchids and tropical fruit trees dotted the shores. I played in the ruins of an ancient temple which was covered with vines. For many years, I was very happy there.

Then one day, awakening from my childhood dreams, I sensed that something was happening. All afternoon, I planned my trip for the island, the lighthouse, or castle. But something was wrong. When I could not return to these homes, I cried for a long while. Then and there, everything was changed for me — never to return to anything I once knew.

Reality left me cold and uncertain — alone and empty. My mother appeared older with darkening hair, and my father tired after a long day's work. But I m certain that my young brother can still feel the angry sea's spray, and smell the island orchids. At this moment, he is probably playing in the shade of one of the castle walls.

# Niuno È Solo L'April

JEAN BAUMGARTEN '61

There is a lovely lyric sung  
About the grace of Spring  
Who lights on every lonely heart  
With sweetest comforting.  
Her wreath of sudden blossoms  
From the hair of heaven blown,  
Suspends the soul in paradise  
That else would dwell alone.



O Spring do not compel  
My darkest dream to sighing  
O sunlight touch me not —  
I am so near to dying.

And in this mourning - melody  
Pale with the palest pain,  
Hope lingers like a summer moon  
Poised on a starless plain.  
They little know who sing this song  
How futile-love lies cold  
And bares its utter emptiness  
For Springtime to behold.

O light, desert these eyes  
Half dim with hapless crying -  
O Springtime touch me not,  
I am so near to dying.

# The Coming of Spring

JUDY PERRY '62

illustrated by ellen mc lean '60

Phil Stafford dwelt in a world which belonged exclusively to him where neither seasons nor sounds could reach him. As he gazed out of the library window surveying the panorama that was Bradley College, random thoughts raced through his brain. Through the open window, Phil could feel the first warm breezes sweeping over the campus, heralding the arrival of Spring. Bradley was slowly awakening from her long winter's hibernation, and sounds of gaiety and exuberance could be heard once more. As he watched the stream of students crossing the campus, the girls casually dressed in Bermuda shorts, Phil was suddenly overcome with a feeling of despair, mingled with wrath. Directly beneath the window, he heard the bantering remarks being tossed about by the baseball team on their way to practice. A pang of jealousy viciously stabbed Phil, and he tried to shut out the happy sounds. What right had they to be so happy and carefree! His whole body cried out his hatred for the approaching season, because of the torturing memories it would bring.

“Oh! Why did it have to come again so fast? Why couldn’t winter have stayed around a little longer? But last spring had been so different! What a spring that had been!”

As he recalled that season, a smile began to take shape on Phil’s lips and soon his whole face was alive again with a happy glow. The remembrance of that period had been implanted firmly on his brain and Phil often felt the need to remember. Slowly his mind retraced its steps and he could see two figures walking leisurely, hand in hand, across the campus of Bradley. Impatiently Phil had waited for Helen’s arrival for the annual Spring Weekend. He had missed her during their weeks of separation and at last she was with him again. Proudly Phil showed her the campus and, as they walked along, her presence next to him seemed to augment the beauty of the blossoming landscape. A feeling of peace and security swept over him and Phil was now certain that she was the girl he needed and wanted.



The night of the formal seemed like only yesterday and Phil carefully recalled every little detail of the happy evening savoring each image — her hair against his cheek, the gown she had worn and the fragrance of her perfume. He had finally summoned up his courage and asked her to marry him and Helen had accepted readily. Later, as he crept stealthily into his room, he could contain himself no longer and jubilantly he had shaken his sleeping roommate. Unperturbed by the cool reception he had received, Phil had climbed into bed and immediately fallen into a peaceful sleep.

Spring had passed swiftly and with the coming of summer, Phil had become twenty one. On this occasion, he received a shiny red sports car from his family, and naturally this meant driving lessons for Helen. She had learned quickly and had gradually won Phil's confidence. Feeling that she was competent, he had consented to let her drive to the beach on a warm, sunny Saturday. The road they took involved many sharp twists and turns and recalling that ride Phil shuddered. Helen was relaxed behind the wheel and she looked so pretty and alive. Impulsively Phil had leaned over to kiss her and suddenly they unexpectedly began to round a sharp curve. There was a loud crash, a flash of light, and suddenly a blanket of darkness enveloped him and Phil began to tumble into oblivion. He finally reached the end of the seemingly bottomless pit and now he recalled the quiet but persistent haste that had overwhelmed him.

Men in white coats, strange acid smells and then a sudden stillness and the cool white sheets covering him. There had also been pain and great anxiety in his moments of wakefulness. Where was Helen? How was she? Finally Phil Stafford had regained complete consciousness and with it he had learned the horrible truth! There had been nothing they could do to help her. Oh! Helen — Please! You can't be gone! No! she can't be!

Twilight had now fallen over the campus of Bradley College and reluctantly Phil lowered the window and turned to leave. Spring had come once more, but somehow it could never be the same.

For Phil Stafford, Spring had fled forever with the coming of last summer.



# *A Lunatic*

JOSEPHINE MCMAHON '61

illustrated by mary margaret farley '59

As a neophyte minister in the affairs of interplanetary summit conferences, and not sufficiently versed in the decorum of such functions, since I had not transcended page five of *The Moon Minister's Manual* or *What Every Moonitian Should Know About Pomp*, I arrived at the designated room at the specified time, one week before any of my tardy colleagues were expected.

Having some time to dispose of, I decided to explore the city of Wen Kroy to ascertain the validity of the meritorious rank which these Earthians arbitrarily assign to their institutions. In order to obtain a general view of the situation, I permitted my more worldly companion - if you'll pardon the pun - to conduct me through this congested metropolis in what he consider-



ed the typical mode of conveyance for the elect. This was nothing more than a metal box with the addition of four wheels and a rambunctious mechanical manipulator, which spends its time computing your debt to that part of society employed in the maintenance of this peculiar contraption. The method, as I learned later, is really quite elementary. You merely break down the first mile traversed into five equal parts of the mile to the sum of the twentieth part of the dollar for each of the remaining four of the five parts of the mile, and you have the total charge for the first mile. However, if you should decide to go beyond this distance, a different system (which I should master if I apply myself for the next three years) is employed.

Finally arriving at what my guide termed our destination, we were conducted into a peculiarly drab edifice of the tetra-platform type, one of whose levels was actually submerged beneath the terrestrial sphere.

At this point I must temporarily digress to portray the extraordinary characteristics and composition of the frequenters of this establishment. Resembling us Moonitians in stature only, this particular breed of earth dwellers was dissimilar in many other respects. From their central axis, which deviates from the rotund to the emaciated variety, project five extremities, four of which are equipped with five ad-

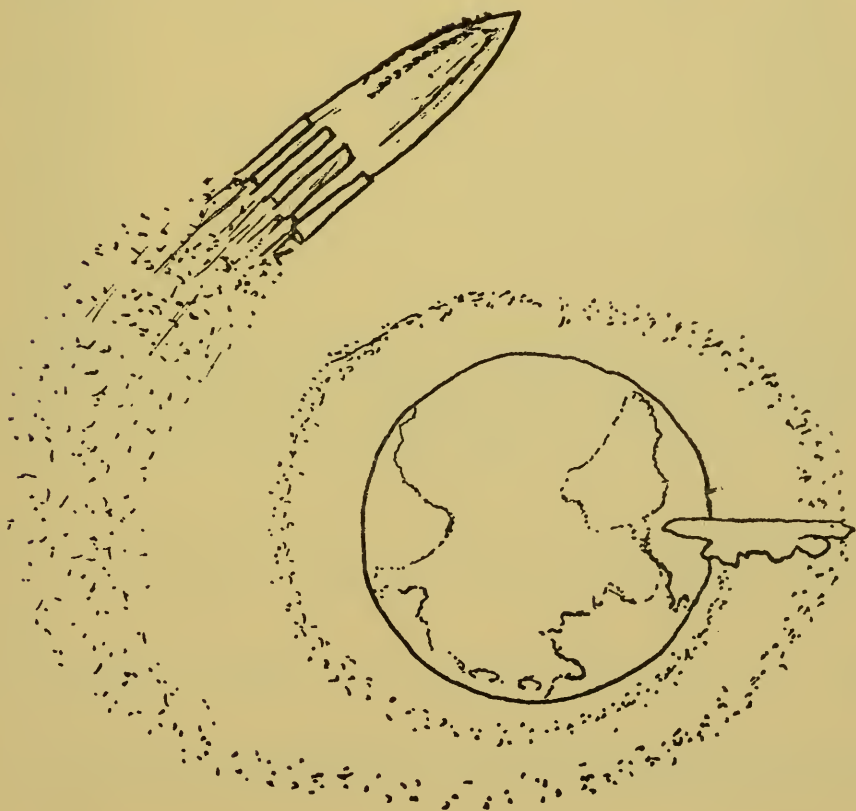
ditional digits. I was in quite a puzzlement at the nature of the two lower extremities; for not only were they of distinct hue on each individual - black, royal blue, red - but they would also change color from day to day. The fifth appendage, unlike the cylindrical form of the other four, was somewhat orbicular. From half of this globular substance issued forth myriad filaments of varying lengths; the other half was marked by several apertures, which were used for both physical and mental subsistence. This is the extent of my knowledge of the structure of these Earthians - more I could not comprehend.

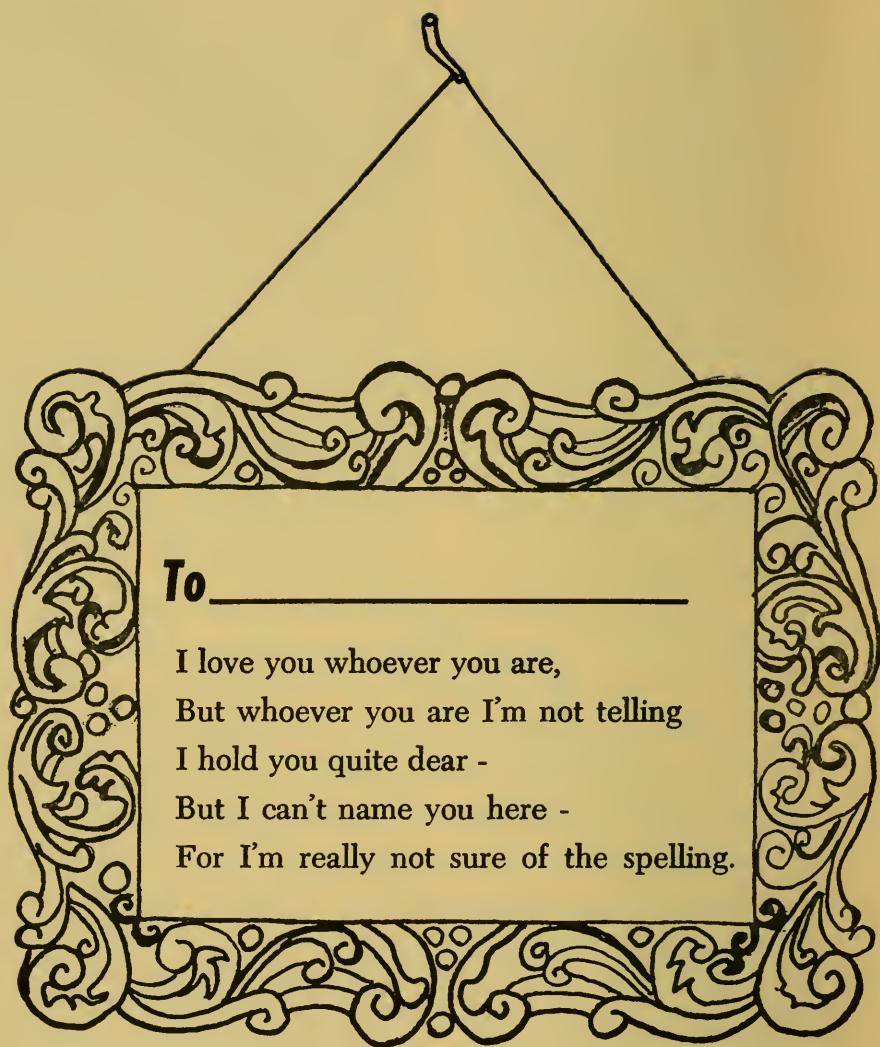
The building itself was divided into many unequal parts, each of which contained a specified number of inhabitants for a belated period of time. My chief difficulty as I surveyed one of these chambers, was in ascertaining the center of attraction. The activities simultaneously taking place were three: somnolence, fantasy, and sketch. Although these merited the concern of the majority of the population there was one individual who stood aloof, and rather than blend in with any one of the above mentioned employments, persisted in being vociferous on several subjects which were of no interest to anyone but himself. He did not seem to realize his plight, but proceeded in his task daily.

At the end of the day, the entire assemblage convened in one of the larger compartments to discuss a matter of vital import.

Here I thought I would have no difficulty as to where to direct my attention, for at one point projected a dais upon which rested four Earthians in ceremonial habiliments. This, however, was a premature conclusion, for the debate was rather concentrated in the general body, and shifted to such a degree that my attempts to follow the train of thought set my antennae dizzy. To add to the difficulty, their indistinguishable utterances were of such varying pitch and intensity that my auditory receptors were seriously impaired for several weeks. With this slight disadvantage, I persisted in my observations until finally a momentary serenity

prevailed on the scene, and one individual received primary attention. But my tranquility was soon interrupted and my delectation short-lived as the mass of creatures sprang from their standard position, and continually slapped their upper extremities together in such a manner that I was sure they would activate their eventual annihilation. Not desiring to witness such a fateful event, since I had acquired a fraternal attachment for this unfortunate group, I decided to terminate my sojourn, and proceed on my excursion to other habitations, where further information concerning these Earthians might be gleaned.





—From the Garten of Baum

# GOLIFAX

ANN MORRISSEY '62

illustrated by ellen mc lean '60

It was the Easter season, and the world was happy and beautiful. Farmlands were fertile and productive; cities were boisterous and busy. Churches were being prepared for Easter Sunday; penitents were confessed by the hundreds on this Good Friday. But as usual there was sickness amongst the glitter.

The mid-morning sun was tracing picturesque patterns on the floors in Vandering Hospital when Tommy Mooney opened his eyes. He saw the plasma bottles and his bruised arms; he felt sharp pain in his abdomen and a numbness in his legs. Suddenly he remembered—

“Golifax . . . Golifax . . . come on out . . . I’m all alone . . . come on out please.”

A little man emerged from under the hospital bed. He gazed at the child as he brushed the dust from his suit. “Well, Tommy, I



warned you that someday you'd get hit by an automobile . . . I told you, but into the street you ran."

The boy's face paled when he heard the angry tone. "Oh, Golifax I'm sorry . . . please help me . . . I'm scared."

A tear was visible on the face of the leprechaun, two tears streamed over his cheeks. "Tommy, I'll help you if I can."

"I'm sleepy, Golifax . . . but stay near me, I better rest a while."

"Sleep well," said the leprechaun who slid back under the bed.

"Tommy . . . Tommy . . . wake up . . . it's Saturday already . . . wake up," bellowed the little man.

"Have I really slept that long . . . is it really Saturday?" asked the startled child.

"Yes, Tommy . . . you've slept long but not well, my boy. Your family was here to see you . . . so were the doctors."

"Oh . . . I don't remember that . . . I don't remember anything." The groggy child reached for a glass of water. "Golifax, I can't reach the water . . . will you help me . . . please give me some." The leprechaun gazed at the ceiling as the boy emptied the glass.

"Golifax . . . am I going to get better . . . do you know . . . do you think I will . . . tell me, please."

"Shhh, rest for a spell . . . take things easy . . ."

"No, I want you to tell me . . . I ache so much . . . tell me, I want to know."

The boy became animated for a minute. "Oh . . . would you take me on a trip somewhere tonight . . ."

The leprechaun searched the boy's face for a minute. "I may take you someplace tonight . . . someplace special."

"Could we go to Egypt . . . no, let's visit your friends in the penal colonies in Australia."

"How dare you . . . Tommy Mooney . . . how dare you . . ." The little man's face became red with rage.

The boy continued: "Remember when we rang the abbey bells at midnight, and remember when we carved our initials in the Blarney Stone . . ."

"Yes, I remember . . . all too well . . . rest now . . . I'll awaken you when it's time to leave."

The boy woke up and saw the leprechaun open wide the window.

"Golifax . . . what are you doing with my clothes. . ."

The little man faced the child. "Well you'll have to bundle up warm . . . the skies offer little warmth . . . and we're staying far away from the stars."

"Oh . . . why must I get dressed . . . I'll be back here in a few hours . . . do I have to get dressed . . ."

"Tommy . . . do as I say . . . and hurry."





"Golifax . . . if I get well . . . will you stay with me forever. "

"As a matter of fact, I'll be leaving you very soon . . . you'll have no need of me anymore."

"But when I found you in the meadow . . . you said that you'd always stay with me . . ."

"Hush, don't worry about it, let's go now."

"Should I bring my blanket too?" asked Tommy.

"Perhaps you'd better, child."

Then silently out the window and up, up into the skies they went. The boy looked in amazement when he beheld his destination.

"Golifax . . . it's so beautiful here . . . I made my Holy Communion in a place like this . . . it's nicer here though . . . can I stay here forever . . . Golifax . . ."

"I really don't know . . . you stay here while I check on matters."

The night supervisor prepared to make her rounds before going off duty at Vandering Hospital. "What a lovely Easter morning," she said half to herself. As she opened the door to Tommy's room, she knew that smething was wrong. She saw the open window, the blanket on the floor, and then Tommy. She left the room hastily to call the night doctor.

As the Alleluias were being sung in the neighboring churches, the sunlight seemed to draw nearer to Tommy's face. For every bit of light, his smile became more visible. There would be sorrow, that would be expected, but for Tommy, there would be only complete and eternal happiness.

## ON THE CURB . . . .

*(After Deciding, At Long Last to Rally Round the  
Budda with The Bunch.)*

Just thinking around my sad pad 'bout

drab chunks of mankind . . .

Just pencil lines in the blueprint of it all —

Fit me in! Fit me in.

Let me have another nibble at the popsickle of

life . . . as it will melt away anyway and

everyone hopes to get the free stick (even

Mac Cariwick)

Enter Alliteration Al noising up the pad with tales

of Tom Terror and Polly Plain . . .

Seems she died from lack of rain — her

jelly glass is empty.

The Scene is dark, the pad is packed.

“How fares it with the flock?”

Fried news . . . like nothing the clutch is in full meter.

Cheap Guitar: “music is the springboard into the  
beginning of it all.”

Togetherness . . . on the paper back plan.

Call the Budda rusty and rag-worn . . .

You Are You Are . . . Zen Zen.

Green is not this Scene, not lost, just same . . .

not to conform is to conform. All Is  
The Same.

Males: stub of the chin . . . Maids: sit afore the  
Image, legs wrapped  
in black . . . Like all the world's a rug an' I'm the  
fringe, lacking a comb to undo the knots.

Once more the pad is sad—Flaked Out.  
The mood makes like a neon sign . . . the crew has FLEW.  
“Exist” I cry . . . is there a reply . . . Ssh . . . a sound  
. . . ZOARCH. . . a tap.

“Like who”

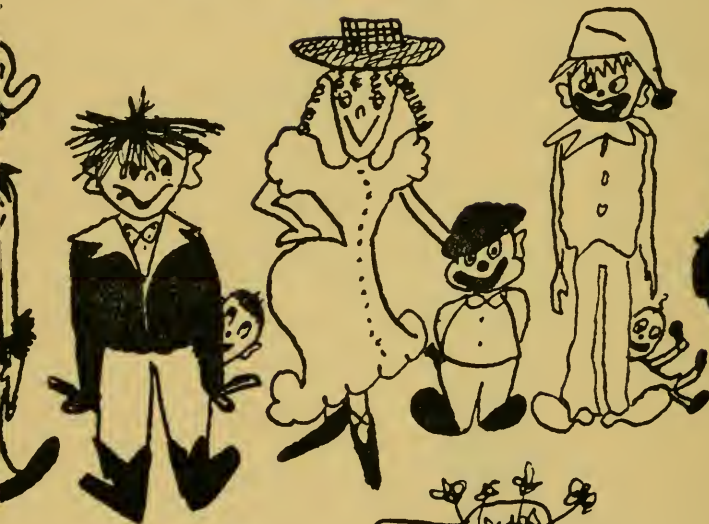
“Like me” . . . your Friendly Neighborhood

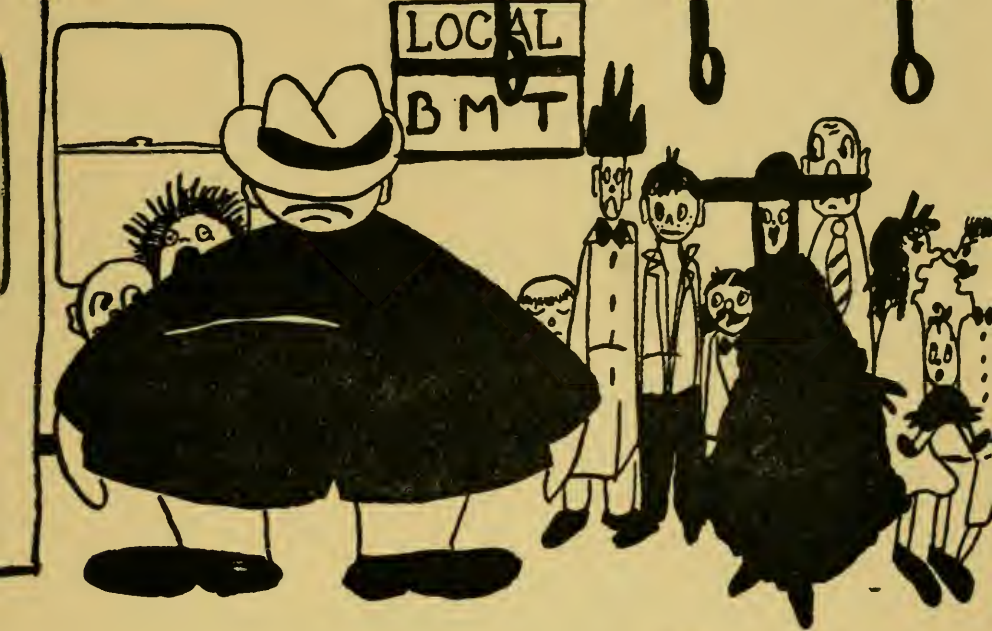
Philosopher . . . “here are the  
Fulfillment Pills you ordered . . . ”

Why Go To De Coycus









# Its De Atmosphere



# A RENDEZVOUS

IRENE CHEN '59

Come!  
All scornful eyes, all curious minds  
Are closed and locked by night.  
We will have peace,  
You and I.

You hear "chur chur" among the greens?  
'Tis but meaningless serenades  
Of some sleepless Vertebrates.  
There is no one here but  
You and I.

Where shall we promenade —  
Ruined temples?  
Deserted Village?  
And wrecked sampans?  
Perhaps, we may shed a tear or two  
Just for sentimental reason.

Or would you rather run to the moor with me,  
Roll down from the slope,  
Gather dried up beads,  
Play hide and seek  
In the old grave yard.

I know where you would like to go.  
To the tea house, the tea house  
Where beggars throw dice  
Muses sing aloud  
Merchants count their coins  
And friends good tidings share.

Come!  
Let us sit here  
Under this venyan tree.  
Tell me,  
Did you receive my token  
*The Arch of Triumph*?  
She was cruel, my friend  
To have kept it from a dying man.  
But I have kept my promise.  
I promised to wait for you.

What shall we talk about?  
Your death or my living death?  
I won't tell you mine,  
For you can see my world,  
And you see it with cleared lens.  
But tell me yours.



Was it hard to cross the river?  
Was there a bridge?  
Were there hands to pull you through?  
Did you see him?  
And did you ask him why  
The world is the way it is?  
Madness dances in liberty  
And sanity hooked in chains?  
Friendship lasts an hour  
While strangers linger along.  
Has your world so many thorns?  
Or is it full of pearls.  
Is the moon always round,  
Flowers always in bloom?

O, tell me! Tell me  
Be not vexed with me.  
I am curious  
For I am not yet asleep.  
Don't go my friend  
Till you have kissed my cheeks  
And sealed my lips.  
For I shall question no more.  
In peace we came  
In peace must we part.



# THE WOMEN

MAUREEN CARNEY '59

illustrated by thomas yeong '61

In the silent hours of the golden dawn

She knelt.

Not asking for that which men decree great -

such could never fulfill her soul.

In utter simplicity she pleaded for a child to hold,

A face to touch

Her God to believe in.

For possessing these she would stand triumphant

She would stretch forth her hand and the

power of her fingertips

Would rock the world - or hold it in its course.

In the midst of turmoil she would smile

And sit complacent

Simply secure in truth —

The singular truth which is important,

The essence of her being.

# THE END OF THE LINE

SHEILA MCCARTHY '60

The seats squeaked as the bus rumbled along the boulevard and Julie imagined there would never be new buses on this line. Each stop, each familiar turn, brought her closer to the old neighborhood, and the rickety bus seemed to fit snugly in the picture she held of the people and places she remembered. She knew she'd find none of them on this return visit, and as she absent-mindedly read the instructions for emergency exit, she wondered if she'd mind.

The neighborhood began to change while she still lived there; her friends moved away, and new families moved in. It hadn't bothered her, although some of the mothers were very incensed and thought it was dreadful — something about property values decreasing, and the area losing its neat appearance. Julie couldn't see what difference it made; "Big George" had lived in the huge white house on the corner since she was a child, and she always welcomed the candy he gave the kids when he left for his casino uptown. Nobody worried about the property then.

Gradually all the houses were sold, and there were only a few of the old families left. Hers was in no position to move, so they remained. The new owners of their house were fine people, and Julie recalled how she and Mr. Lawson used to joke about their respective but opposing loyalties to the Giants and Dodgers.

Callie Mae Lawson and Julie were the same age, and soon became fast friends, especially since Callie Mae was put into her own class in school. They enjoyed telling each other the things they did before the Lawsons moved in, and had vague ideas about each other's old friends. Julie remembered the hilarious time they had on a boat ride sponsored by Callie Mae's old Church in Harlem, and how comfortable everyone had made her feel when they discovered she was Callie's friend. At first they thought she was the daughter of a crew member, and she really had to laugh at their mistake; finally they all did. It was then she had her firsts introduction to Calypso,

and she thrilled to the easy rhythms of the music, and the lithesome movements of the dance.

That same pulsating bass from a tavern's blaring juke box interrupted her thoughts as the bus stopped for a red light, and Julie saw that several store fronts were strange to her. Six years is time enough for many community changes, and though she expected them, the bright new A & P that stood on the old sandlot was a jolt to her nostalgia. Her family moved during her sophomore year in high school, and though she saw Callie Mae occasionally, their relationship slowly petered out, and until last week, Julie had not even thought of Callie nor what she might be doing. Their chance meeting at the Cherry Lane Theater brought them both up to date, refreshing memories, and Julie had promised to ride out soon for a visit. She anxiously asked Callie Mae about various places she had known, and though she was somewhat dismayed to hear they were gone, she was also interested in seeing what replaced them.

As the bus neared the last stop where she would get off, the few remaining passengers curiously glanced at her, and she felt very isolated and detached from the area in which she grew up. No face nor place was familiar to her. She often considered returning to the old neighborhood, but now that she was there, her eagerness had dissolved. Mrs. Lawson was always a hospitable woman, and Callie's grandfather always told delightful stories about his early life in the South, yet they, and Callie Mae herself, seemed to matter so little now. Her only thought was to dismiss from her mind all that had altered her memories. She realized nothing would be the same for her, and she could not go back to what she had before. It was the end of the line for her, and she could never go back. No one could.

They stopped again and Julie heard the driver's voice: "This is the end of the line, Miss. We don't go any further."

She stood up. "Oh - yes, I'm sorry. I guess I made a mistake."

The coins jingled in the fare box as Julie walked back down the aisle to a seat in the rear of the bus.





# W H Y

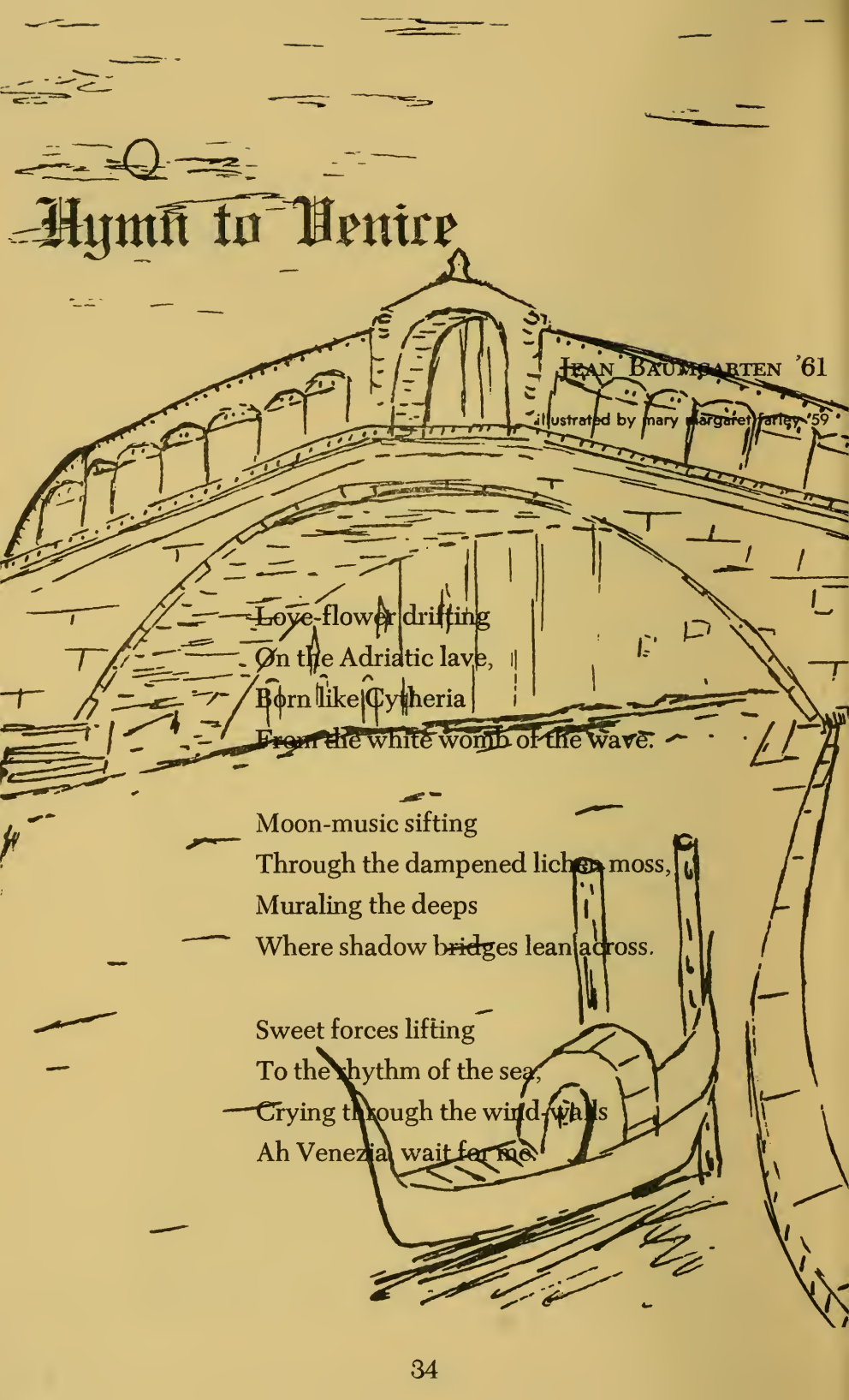
JOSEPHINE McMAHON '61

Who are we to question why,  
When right seems wrong and wrong yet thrives;  
The just man struggles on through life —  
His counterpart perverse in heart,  
Ascends the earth's tempestuous throne.

The rustic's toil which will not grow  
Beyond the Mantuan's immortal rhyme —  
The pompous and disdainful lord  
Unburdened, with his affluence —  
The public servant of the town  
Deplores his plight from day to day —  
The leader of his party's aims  
Who'll dupe and forge, but win the fight —  
The hired hand in menial tasks,  
More thwarted though he gives his all —  
Our financier of noble stead,  
If not the nobler by his will —  
Are all *dramatis personae*,  
Diversions brief which pass away.

But who can judge the best of lots;  
The rich man's gold is not his heart,  
The poor man's hand is not his soul.  
For each his own fulfillment seeks,  
Before the climax of his years;  
His own decisive option makes,  
\_\_\_\_\_ the denouement proceeds.

Yet who am I, or you, or they,  
To answer why, but not quite know —  
As nations strive towards other worlds  
Which we had not perceived in dreams,  
The chasm sinks devouring us —  
The infinitesimal of being.  
In this Tartarian profound  
A Light will pierce to show the way,  
To lift the souls who seek the "why"  
From questing thirst to ends fulfilled,  
When nevermore will doubt remain,  
When we have Him and He has Love!



# Hymn to Venice

JEAN BAUMGARTEN '61

illustrated by mary margaret farley '59

Love-flower drifting  
On the Adriatic lave,  
Born like Cytheria  
From the white womb of the wave.

Moon-music sifting  
Through the dampened lichen moss,  
Muraling the deeps  
Where shadow bridges lean across.

Sweet forces lifting  
To the rhythm of the sea,  
Crying through the wind-walls  
Ah Venezia, wait for me.

# THE ART OF ACADEMIC SOFTBALL

JUDY PERRY '62

Hey you guys, wait up! You need a good pitcher?

Gosh! I'm sorry I'm late, but wait till you hear what happened. What a riot! I was passing that ole college; you know, the one with the big awning, and I heard a lot of screaming and hollering going on behind a big fence. It sounded real wild, so I got down on my knees and looked under. What a sight! You guys should have seen it.

There were about two dozen of those crazy women all dolled up in real cool-lookin' outfits, all yakking at the same time to a lady who was probably the gym teacher. There were some painted lines and it sorta looked like a baseball diamond, but I figured they weren't stupid enough to try and play ball. Man—was I shook when the little woman in the bermuda shorts began giving directions, and the girls started coming out into the yard. They were really going to play softball! The fielders took their positions in left, right, center, and short and I couldn't see the left fielder because left field was a big garage.

Pretty cool! "They can't be serious", I thought, but they sure were.

The girls kept coming out on the field 'till there were fourteen of them in the outfield. (I counted.) Each fielder had an assistant, and though the infield looked pretty regular, the right field fence was about five feet from first base. Then there was the outfield! A whole bunch were standin' around in a space of about ten feet between the bases and the fence. Crowded? That's a laugh! It looked like Macy's basement on Bargain Day!

Of course, no one was paying any attention to the poor lady who was yelling real crazy-like to the outfield to watch her while she showed them how to bat. For a lady, she was pretty good!

But those fielders! After the teacher hit the ball she naturally expected them to catch it. That was a mistake! Those dizzy dames who were supposed to be guarding center (there were about four of

them) all seemed to scatter as the ball sailed toward them. Meanwhile, the teacher was having convulsions screaming at them to "Keep their heads up and relax their fingers." Finally she gave up in disgust and sent the catcher out to find the ball.

After proving that they were such great fielders, the game really began. A tall girl kinda dragged herself up to the plate and bravely pounded the bat on the ground, nearly splintering it in pieces. The pitcher threw the ball and I've got to admit she wasn't too bad. Of course, she wasn't any Don Larsen, but compared to the rest of that motley bunch — ! Anyway, the batter swung wildly at the pitch, and missed it by about a mile. In the bargain, she almost killed the catcher as she flung the bat around. The group in the outfield relaxed again and started gabbing. What dull lives those college girls lead! Somebody got a "D" on some teacher's quiz, and someone else had  $5\frac{1}{2}$  cuts in math. The second baseman robbed some poor guy's ring, and the first baseman was going to give somebody back his. What characters!

Then the outfield was called back to the game by the lady and the batter actually hit the next pitch. She was so stunned she just stood there with her mouth gaping open as the ball sailed over the pitcher's head. The fielders were even more stunned! The batter raced down to first, but she forgot to drop the bat. Boy, did she scare the heck out of the first baseman.

Meanwhile the outfielders were running around real wild. It was such an easy pop-up fly, but did they foul it up! Everyone was squealing and shouting, "I got it", and falling all over each other in the bargain. Naturally, nobody had it and the ball rolled out to center field as the batter frantically looked for home plate. She missed second in her confusion, but ran back, and made home in plenty of time, because they still couldn't find the ball.

A Home Run! She should have received a medal or maybe even a trophy!

Hey fellers, what say we forget practice tomorrow! Maybe they'll be playing again. What a crazy kind of recess!



MARY MARGARET FARLEY, '59

Hi,

How are you? I am fine. The sun is out. It is not raining. It is quiet. The bell rings! It is not quiet. People are moving their lips. They are talking. It is not quiet. They say little. But where do they go? They go to class. To another sitting session they go. They go to comb their hair. There is no need. But, they go. They go to Murk's. They are thirsty. Drinking is good and bad. Those that do, think it good. Those that do not, think it bad. What do you think? They go to the library. Some read, some sit, some think, some complain. Some are busy, some are not. Another bell rings! There is less noise. A loud voice prays. Walking stops. People kneel. They pray for sun. But the sun is out. It is not raining. What are they saying? They know not what they say. The voice stops. The noise begins again. For me it was a nice moment. But now the noise. I run. People run. Running to where, running to where. We must go somewhere. The stairs are crowded. They are not empty. People are going both ways. Which way should I go? Which way, which way. People are lost. I am lost. The third bell rings. It is quiet. I am here, I am not there. How are you? I am. . .

# Spring



ELLEN McLEAN, '60

There was a spider on my bathroom wall  
We watched and arched and waited  
He spurted — then blurted his blood  
Now what do I do with his body.

I wiped him off and threw it away  
... Still watched and arched and waited  
It took me a while to settle myself  
I hope he was an orphan.









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